

WALTER'S TOUR IN THE EAST



W.S. Grooman

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OUT AT SEA.

STAFFORD

WALTER'S TOUR IN THE EAST.

BY

DANIEL C. EDDY, D. D.,

AUTHOR OF "THE PERCY FAMILY."

WALTER IN SAMARIA.

"How pleasant to me **thy** deep blue wave,
O sea of Galilee,
For the glorious One who came to save
Hath often stood by thee."

M'HEYNS

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NOTE.

THE young reader will in this volume follow the course often pursued by our Saviour,—northward by the well of Jacob, over the hill of Samaria to Nazareth his boyhood home; thence to the Sea of Galilee, consecrated by his miracles, and memorable for his teachings; across the country to the Mediterranean: stopping in those places of interest which most attract those who visit Palestine, and ending this section of the journey at Beyroot.—The next volume will take the party to Damascus.

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WALTER'S TOUR IN THE EAST.

ORDER OF THE VOLUMES.

WALTER IN EGYPT.

WALTER IN JERUSALEM.

WALTER IN SAMARIA.

WALTER IN DAMASCUS.

WALTER IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

WALTER IN ATHENS.

WALTER IN SAMARIA AND GALILEE.

CHAPTER I.

NORTHWARD, HO!

THE hot Syrian sun was just rising as the long cavalcade, consisting of our travellers, with dragomans, cooks, mulemen, and loaded mules that went staggering beneath their enormous burdens, was seen winding its way from Jerusalem northward. Mohammed rode ahead on a fine, spirited horse. Next followed an Arab in oriental costume, bearing the American flag. Then came the party, riding two abreast, Walter and Harry on the lead. Behind followed a motley set of jabbering Arabs, employed by Mohammed for the various purposes of the journey. The leper by the way-side started up to look at them as they rode gayly on. The Jews, in their odious-looking hats and long garments, stood in silent scorn for the Christian dogs, as they call all the followers of Jesus. The Arabs, always pleased with show, laughed and chatted with each other, or gazed in silent

admiration as the strange company galloped along the stony road, the horses' hoofs clattering as if an army was in motion.

Winding around the walls, they soon struck the Damascus road, and from the top of Scopus took their last view of the Holy City. It was not so good a view as they had obtained from the Mount of Olives, and they hardly wished it should be the last that should linger in their memory.

“What are those places that we see off there?” asked Harry.

“They are tombs,” answered Walter.

“O no!”

“Yes, they are.”

“Why have we not visited them?”

“We have. Don’t you remember one day last week we went out to the tombs in this region, and many which are farther back toward the city?”

“Why, that must have been the day when I was sick and did not go out with you.”

“So it was.”

“Please tell me what you saw. These old tombs interest me very much.”

“I can tell you what I wrote down in my note-book that evening about them. The facts I gathered from Mr. Tenant and the other gentlemen.”

“ Yes, read, while we sit here on our horses.”

Walter then drew forth his note-book, and Harry drew up close to him while the lad read as follows : — “ Visited to-day the old tombs between the city and Mount Scopus, the most interesting of which was the tomb of Helena. It was very different from the tombs in our cemeteries at home. It is about one hundred and eighty feet from the road, and was designed and erected for the wonderful woman whose name it bears, before her death.”

“ What, a tomb built for a person before she was dead ! ”

“ Yes : it was common in old times to do that. I could tell you of many kings whose tombs were built before they died.”

“ They don’t do that in our country.”

“ Not generally ; but sometimes it is done ”

“ I never knew it.”

“ Yes, Harry. I remember — ”

“ How do you remember everything ? ”

“ I remember once, on a visit to Greenwood in Brooklyn, pa pointed me to a monument over a tomb, and remarked that the man I saw sitting on a camp-stool, looking up to the statue on the top, was the owner. And when I expressed surprise, he said that the man had erected the statue, and came very frequently to see the spot where he should repose his bones after death.”

“ Strange taste ! that is all I can say. But read on.”

Walter read : — “ The traveller reaches the tomb and descends eighteen steps, when he finds himself in a court, hewn out of the rock, ninety-two feet long and eighty-seven feet wide. Crossing this, he reaches a spacious vestibule, thirty-nine feet wide, which leads into a large number of minor chambers, passages, cells, and corridors, all of which give evidence of having been finished originally in a style of great perfection of art.”

“ What a tomb that must have been ! ”

“ The capitals, columns, cornices, pilasters, that remain, indicate the most lavish expense and the most tedious labor. Father told me that in the Louvre in Paris there is a marble sarcophagus, found here, which De Saulcy, an imaginative French writer, supposed to be that in which the body of king David was buried. Trap-doors, secret passages, curiously contrived exits and entrances, show great ingenuity on the part of the designer.”

“ Oh, Walter, I wish I had gone out there with you that day ! ”

“ I knew the morning we started that we should have an interesting day ; but you care so little about ancient tombs that I thought you would prefer to stay at home.”

“But you know this was so different from other tombs — more like a castle — that I should have been glad to have seen it.”

“Well, it is too late now.”

“Yes; and that is my loss.”

“I am glad, Harry, that you feel it to be a loss, for you slip over so many things that you are losing half the benefits of the tour.”

“Come, boys!” shouted Mr. Tenant.

“Ready, sir!” replied Waltér, wheeling his horse round toward the speaker.

They found the road very bad. But not more than a mile from the city are pits, gullies, stones, and encumbrances of various kinds, that made advancement at more than a walk almost impossible.

“There is Nob,” said Mr. Percy.

“Nob? I don’t see any Nob,” replied Harry.

“These ruins, my boy, are the remains of a city.”

“What took place there?”

“A very sad tragedy.”

“What was it, sir? — please, tell me.”

“Why, when David fled from the face of Saul, he came to Nob, which was a city of priests, one of whom was Ahimelech. This man received David to his house, and because he had no common bread gave him the hallowed bread prepared for the use of the altar, and sent him on his way.”

“ There is one thing he gave him which **you** forget, father,” said Walter.

“ What was that, my son ? ”

“ The sword of Goliath of Gath.”

“ O yes ; you are right. David had no weapons, and asked Ahimelech for one ; and the priest had nothing but the sword of the Philistine giant, which had been kept as a trophy of the stripling’s victory. David hid himself for a while in the cave of Adullam, and at length came into the forests of Hareth.”

“ I thought you said there was a tragedy here ? ”

“ I did, and I am coming to that. There was **at** Nob, the day David was there, a man named Doeg, who was a servant of Saul, and went to him at once and told him what the priest had done. Saul was so enraged that he slaughtered Ahimelech and eighty-five priests, and fell upon the people and put men, women, and children, and cattle to the sword.”

“ What a monster ! ”

“ Yes, he was a monster ; and that slaughter which has made Nob famous to this day, took place here.”

Riding as fast as the bad roads would allow, they came to a hill which was Gibeah, or its ancient site, and Mr. Percy called on all to stop.

“What now ? ” inquired both the boys.

“This is Gibeah,” said he.

“Is that its present name, father ? ” asked Walter.

“No ; it is now called *Tueil el-Fûl*.”

“What does that mean ? ”

“It means, ‘The Hill of Beans.’ ”

“You know, Mr. Percy,” said Harry, “that I don’t know much about Bible history, so you must tell me what occurred here.”

“Another sad massacre occurred at this place. You will find it in the Book of Judges. A sad crime was committed, which led to a war, in one battle of which twenty-five thousand, one hundred men, were slain, and the whole tribe of Benjamin was destroyed.”

“I must read the account.”

“It will teach you that the crime of a few persons often brings sorrow and distress upon thousands.”

“Have you not forgotten,” asked Walter, “to tell Harry something else that occurred here ? ”

“What, my son ? ”

“The sons of Saul were living here ? ”

“O yes.”

“Tell me about it,” said Harry.

“Saul had been very cruel to the Gibeonites, and they came to David and asked him to make

atonement. He asked them what they would have. They said they would not take silver, nor gold, nor anything that belonged to the house of Saul."

"What did they want?"

"Seven sons of Saul."

"What for?"

"To hang them."

"Whew!"

"That was the request."

"Did David grant it?"

"Yes, he did; and the Gibeonites hanged them all."

"That was terrible! I should not want to see anybody hung."

"The mother of two of the young men that were hung kept watch night and day for a long time over the skeleton forms that, in accordance with the customs of the times, were not taken down."

"What was her name?"

"Rizpah."

"She must have been a good mother."

"She probably was. The Scripture record says 'she took sackcloth and spread it for her upon the rock, from the beginning of harvest until water dropped upon them out of heaven, and suffered neither the birds of the air to rest upon them by day, nor the beasts of the field by night.'"

“ There is a place near where we are riding,” said Mr. Tenant, coming up a few moments after this conversation, “ which I should like to find.”

“ What is it ? ” asked his friend Percy.

“ Ramah of Benjamin.”

“ I have been thinking about that.”

“ Can we find it ? ”

“ I don’t know. We can inquire of the dragoon. Mohammed,” he cried, “ come here ! ”

The guide, who was near, rode up.

“ What you want, sah ? ”

“ We want to know where Ramah is.”

“ O yes ; I know him.”

“ Where is it ? ”

“ A little way ahead. We came by it half hour ago.”

“ What do you mean by that nonsense ? ”

“ He means,” said Mr. Butterworth, “ that he don’t know anything about it.”

“ Yes, sah, I know all about him ! ”

“ Then where is *he* ? ”

“ I’ll find him. Ramah of Benjamin, you say ? ”

“ Yes.”

“ I know nothing about him.”

With the aid of hand-books, and a little common sense, they managed to find the site of the place, which is a few minutes’ ride from the main road, as the miserable path is called.

They found *er-Râm* to be a mean village with a few bevelled stones and capitals to mark an age which long since passed away.

On returning to the road, they found a large olive-tree, and Mohammed, spreading a cloth under it, took out a cold fowl or two, and some coarse bread,—and sitting down around the cloth an excellent meal was made. When the luncheon was over, several gentlemen stretched themselves out in the shade and slept a while. The boys amused themselves with cutting canes from the olive-tree. Harry, who had climbed up, awoke Mr. Tenant by dropping twigs and pieces of bark in his face, for which Mr. Percy reproved him.

It was now past midday, and they had come but a few miles, so long had they stopped at Nob and Gibeah, and so slowly had their horses walked. Mohammed was very anxious to go on, but the travellers, knowing they had time enough that day, refused to be hurried, and the patience of the poor fellow was somewhat tried. He had travelled as dragoman so long that he thought he was entitled to have his own way, but the party would not admit it. At length, however, they mounted again and set forth, and soon reached a village on the outskirts of which they saw their tents all pitched and surrounded by a crowd of the people of the land.

“ What town is that ? ” asked Walter, riding up to Mohammed.

“ That is Bîreh.”

“ Do we stop there all night ? ”

“ Yes, Walter.”

“ Is there no danger from the crowd of people that I see ? ”

“ Oh, no danger at all. I would not bring you if there was danger. They know me, and when they see Mohammed Achmet, they no hurt you.”

The party soon reached the tents, where they found Abdalluh and the other servants engaged in preparing a dinner and adjusting the camp, while all around were groups of men and women from the adjacent village. Soon the horses were sent out into the fields, and the travellers were lounging about, or lying in the tents resting themselves after their hot, dusty ride.

“ I must find out something, Walter,” said Harry.

“ What ? ”

“ What this place is noted for ; for about every place we come to has some Scripture history.”

“ Mr. Allston told me, as we rode along, that Bîreh, or Beeroth as it was formerly called, was noted for a clever trick on Joshua.”

“ Tell me about it.”

“ Well, when Joshua came into this country,

the tribes who occupied it were driven out, one by one. The Gibeonites, who dwelt here, were afraid they should be driven out. They therefore wished to make peace with Joshua, but knew they could not do it in their own characters. So they sent an embassage to him. The embassy took mouldy bread and worn-out shoes, and made it appear as if they had come from a long distance."

"What did they do that for?"

"You will see. When they went to Joshua, he asked them where they came from, and they told him from a very great distance, as might be seen by the condition they were in. They wanted to make a treaty of peace with him. He, supposing they were from a distant part of the land, consented, and with the elders of Israel swore not to molest them at all. But three days afterwards he heard that he had been duped by them."

"Did he keep his oath?"

"Yes."

"I would not have kept it."

"Why not?"

"Because they used deception, and obtained the treaty of peace on false pretences."

"But Joshua had given his word."

"His word?"

"Yes; and he would not break it. I think

he did right, and just what God would approve."

"Perhaps so. But I don't think I should have let them stay here after that."

"You may be wrong."

"Very likely. But where do you find this story?"

"In the ninth chapter of Joshua."

"I will read it some time, and then we will talk about it again."

In conversation the boys employed the time until towards evening, when Hallile announced that dinner was ready; and when they all sat down to the table, and Mr. Allston had asked the blessing of God on the repast, they found that the cook had prepared as fine a dinner as could be obtained in a Boston hotel, and with appetites sharpened they did ample justice to it.

After dinner they all went into the town which is situated on the crest of a rocky ridge, and is very neat and tidy in its appearance. They found there some remains of the former glory of the place, though for many hundreds of years the town has been a desolation. They were directed to the remains of an ancient church built by the Knights Templar in the times of the crusade. They found in this town what had ceased to be a peculiarity,—the women doing the hard, laborious work, and the men

engaged in some light employment, or doing nothing at all. The women were bringing water in huge jars on their heads from a great distance, or performing other menial labors, while the men were smoking their long pipes, or spinning with their fingers little camel-hair threads,—a very delicate work for men to do. The party were treated very well in Bîreh. The young people went and brought out their old men,—several venerable, patriarchial-looking fathers, with flowing robes and long beards, who were much pleased that the party had encamped near their village. The Sheik did not condescend to come out, probably considering it beneath his dignity, and the party would not go to him. When they had inspected the town, they returned to the camp, which was near a beautiful fountain, to which the maids and mothers of Bîreh came in long processions to get water, and Harry and Walter went down and talked with them the best way they could. They could not understand the languages spoken by each other, but the boys helped the women fill their jars, and talked with them by signs, and were very much amused. In the evening, as they sat in their tents, Mr. Tenant said to Walter,—

“ My boy, you should have sent your autograph book up to the Sheik, to get his signature.”

“ Oh, I wish I could.”

“ Is it too late now ? ”

“ I don’t know. Do you think he would write his name in it ? ”

“ Perhaps he would.”

“ But it is quite dark, and I dare not go back to the village.”

“ You can send it by Mohammed.”

“ So I can. Thank you for the thought.”

Mohammed was called, and that worthy made his appearance, when Walter questioned him :

“ Mohammed, do you know the Sheik of Bîreh ? ”

“ Yes, sah. He my friend.”

“ Do you think he would write his name in my autograph book ? ”

“ I don’t know. He great man.”

“ But if you should go up and tell him, would he not ? ”

“ O yes, sah. I am Mohammed Achmet, and when I say to him, ‘ Write in the book,’ he write.”

“ Ah, Mohammed, you are a man of power.”

“ Yes,— great power,— I very strong.”

“ I mean that you have great influence in the world.”

“ Yes : in Egypt, in Jerusalem, and among the Bedouins, I have great favor.”

“ Well, will you go up and see the Sheik, and ask him to write his name in my book ? ”

“ Yes, sah. I do anything for you, for you are my little gentleman,—your father my great gentleman.”

“ Tell the Sheik who we are, and that a little boy of the party wants his signature.”

Mohammed went up to the town and found the Sheik, and soon came back with a long Arabic sentence, which with some difficulty was translated into English. The amount of it was, that the Sheik was glad to receive a visit from the head-man of America, who carried the big flag and had the white tents, and would be pleased to have him come up and take a cup of coffee with him. Walter was delighted, and blessed the Sheik over and over again,—wished he could go up and see him and take some coffee with him; but Mr. Percy would not permit this;—instead of which, Mohammed was sent back with a message of thanks.

The young reader will understand that it is an Arabian custom, when a stranger comes, to offer him a pipe and, after the pipe, a cup of coffee. The visitor is obliged by courtesy to take a whiff or two from the pipe, and to swallow the coffee. The coffee is served in a tiny cup, without sugar or cream, and is so thick that it flows out of the cup with difficulty. To refuse the coffee or the pipe, is deemed an insult to the host, which is not soon forgotten.

At a late hour the boys went to bed, and were not disturbed at night,— the Arabs all retiring to their homes as soon as they saw the camp-lights out and the party retiring to rest ; and soon an unbroken silence reigned over all that beautifully picturesque scene.

CHAPTER II.

SITTING AT JACOB'S WELL.

“ HARRY ! ” said Walter the next morning, as soon as it was light.

“ What say ? ”

“ It rains.”

“ Oh, I don’t care ; — I’m sleepy.”

“ It is time to get up. The other tents are astir.”

“ Well, let them stir ; but I must sleep a while I’m tired.”

“ You won’t sleep again this morning ! ”

“ Do go away ! ”

But Walter was not to be driven off. He wanted to make an early start, and had already aroused his father. Harry, who was not a laggard, was weary ; but he soon was up, and as ready for a start as his young friend. The morning was dark and cloudy, and, as the travellers started, they were obliged to cover themselves with such things as they could to protect themselves from the weather. But their spirits were good, and with shouts and songs they

started, leaving the inhabitants of Bîreh wondering at their hilarity and mirth.

“Forward, Walter!” shouted Harry.

“I will ride as fast as you can,” was the answer. But they did not ride very fast, as Mohammed told them it was dangerous, for they were near the “Robbers’ Glen.”

“The ‘Robbers’ Glen’?” queried Harry, drawing rein.

“Yes, sah,” said the dragoman; “where many travellers are robbed, and some have their necks cut right off.”

“Oh my! I hope we sha’n’t see them.”

“Not if you keep with me, sah. I am Mohammed Achmet.”

“But what is the ‘Robbers’ Glen,’ Mohammed?” asked Walter.

“Oh, long place,—deep place,—bad place.”

“Very intelligible, isn’t it, Harry?”

“I should think it was.”

“I will ride up to father, and get him to tell me.”

He drove on, and, overtaking Mr. Percy, asked him what the Robbers’ Glen was, and if there was any danger. Mr. Percy told him there was no danger; that the Robbers’ Glen was a deep, long valley filled with stones, where in times past there had been robbers; but there were none now; and if there were, the large party of travellers would frighten them away.

WALTER IN SAMARIA.

“ What is the name of the valley ? ” asked Walter.

“ It is called *Wady-el-Jill*.”

“ I am almost afraid to ride through it.”

“ There is no fear. We shall water our horses there.”

“ Is there a fountain ? ”

“ Yes, — called *Ain el-Haramiyeh*.”

“ What does that mean ? ”

“ ‘ Fountain of Robbers.’ ”

“ Worse and worse.”

They soon came to the glen, and found it quite as bad as it had been described to them. The sharp rocks made it impossible to go faster than a slow walk. As they went on, the heads of the Bedouin robbers were seen thrust out of the caves, or reaching up from the shrubbery to see how many were coming, and what prospect there might be of booty. Sometimes a solitary spear or the long gun of a robber, could be seen, — the only indication that a human being was behind the rocks waiting for an opportunity to plunder the single unarmed traveller. But the native scenery was wildly beautiful and delightfully picturesque. “ It is a strange, wild spot,” says one traveller; “ not a human habitation is in view, and, as the evening closes, not a human footfall breaks the dead silence ; yet everywhere around are the marks of industry, — olives and

fig-trees below, and terraces above, leading up the steep hill-sides, like stairs, to the clouds that rest upon their summits. But the associations are not so pleasant as the scenery. The glen has a bad name, and deserves it ; and if the traveller should pitch his tent of an evening by the little fountain, as I have done, it will amuse him to see how the stray passengers hurry along, with anxious glances to the right and left, before and behind, as the shadows begin to deepen. Scarcely a year passes but some new deed of blood is added to the chronicles of Ain el-Haramîyeh."

Emerging from the glen, they came near ancient Shiloh, which is some distance from the road. A consultation was held as to whether it was worth while to diverge, and spend the time necessary to see the venerable site.

"I say, let us go right on," said Harry.

"And I say, let us see Shiloh," answered Walter.

The gentlemen concluded to visit the place ; and, sending the luggage on, Mohammed put himself at the head of the cavalcade, and dashed off in that direction ; and, after a longer ride than they expected, they reached the place.

"What have we come here for ?" asked Harry of his young friend.

"To see Shiloh."

"Where is it ?"

“Here.”

Well might Harry ask where the place was, for there are no remains of the city,—the site only remaining, covered with some modern ruins and the relics of an old church which dates back to the times of the crusaders.

“There,” said Mr. Percy, “is Shiloh, described in Scripture* as ‘On the north side of Bethel, on the east of the highway that goeth up from Bethel to Shechem, and on the south of Lebonah.’ Many things occurred here which are narrated in the Word of God.”—“On this spot,” he continued, reading from a hand-book which he held in his hand, “probably on the summit of the little hill, the Tabernacle of the Lord was first permanently set up in Canaan; and here the Israelites assembled to receive each his allotted portion of the promised land.† The tabernacle and the ark remained here until the close of Eli’s life. To this place the infant Samuel was brought up from Ramah, and dedicated to the Lord by a grateful mother. Here old Eli fell down dead on receiving the tidings of the death of his sons in battle, and the capture of the ark.‡

“There was a great annual festival held at Shiloh in honor of the ark, at which the village maidens were wont to dance. They probably as-

* Judges xxi. 19.

† Josh. xviii.

‡ 1 Sam. i 24-28; iv. 17, 18.

sembled in the valley below. It was on one of these occasions that the remnant of the Benjamites concealed themselves among the vineyards on the hill-sides, and, suddenly rushing upon the unconscious damsels, carried off two hundred of them.* With the capture of the ark the glory of Shiloh departed, and only one other incident in its future history is worth recording. Ahijah the prophet lived here ; and Abijah, the wife of Jeroboam, came in disguise to consult him about her sick child ; and instead of the comfort she sought, she heard from the prophet's lips the fearful judgment of God pronounced on a sinful house.† It appears from the words of Jeremiah that Shiloh was soon afterwards entirely destroyed ; and in Jerome's day scarcely a foundation remained to mark the place where God's altar once stood. 'But go ye now unto my place which was in Shiloh, where I set my name at the first, and see what I did to it for the wickedness of my people Israel.' ‡

"What does the abduction of the damsels, by the Benjamites, mean ?" asked Harry.

"You will find the account in Scripture. A large number of the women had been slain ; and the men wanted wives ; and the elders sent them to Shiloh, to lurk about, and, when this annual

* Judges xxi. 19-24.

† 1 Kings xiv. 1-17.

‡ Jer. vii. 12.

dance came off, to rush out and catch, each **man**, a maiden, and carry her off and make her his wife."

"Not a great catch, if they were like these girls we see about here, with bare feet and no bonnets on,—was it, Mr. Percy?"

"They were not like these, Harry. The people of this land are far different from what the ancient inhabitants were."

Having seen all there was to see, they drove away as rapidly as they came, and soon they had passed Khan Luban and Sawieh, and entered the broad valley which stretches up to the base of Gerizim and Ebal.

"What mountain is that, father?" asked Walter, as a grand mountain rose before them, a long distance off.

"It is covered with snow!" enthusiastically cried Harry, looking at it.

The eyes of all were now directed to it with admiration.

"What is it?" shouted the boys.

"Mount Hermon," replied Mr. Percy.

"That one traveller calls Jebel-es-Sheik?"

"What does he mean by that?" queried Walter.

"The 'Sheik of Mountains.'"

"Well named!" said Mr. Butterworth, "for a nobler, grander spectacle I never saw."

“ Is that the mountain, pa, on which the dew descended which is called the dew of Hermon ? ”

“ Yes, my son.”

“ O how I should like to stand on the top ! ”

“ That cannot be. You will see Hermon as long as we are in the north, and you will become very familiar with it.”

All this time they were riding on, and growing weary with the long, hard journey.

“ Look here, Walter,” said Harry.

“ What is it ? ”

“ See Rector Allston ! ”

“ What is the matter with him ? ”

“ He is asleep on his horse.”

“ No, that cannot be.”

The boys both looked and found that the young clergyman had become so weary that he was bending down over his horse’s mane and was fast asleep. They rode up one on each side, and uttered most piercing screams. The sleeping man sprang up in his saddle as quickly as if a dozen Bedouins had come upon him.

“ I don’t see how he can sleep on horseback,” said Harry.

“ Nor I,” answered the other boy, “ though I feel very weary.”

“ You will forget all that very soon,” said Dr. Forestall, riding up to them, “ when you reach Jacob’s well, and Joseph’s tomb.”

“ Oh, Doctor, the very thought confuses ~~me~~ Jacob’s well, that I have read about in the Scriptures so many times ! ”

Soon they came to the opening of the valley of Nabulous, on each side of which was a mountain,— Mount Ebal on the right, and Mount Gerizim on the left.

“ Why are these mountains called, one the Mount of Blessing, and the other the Mount of Cursing ? ” asked Walter.

“ They were so named by Moses,” answered his father. “ Before his death he referred to this spot in the following language: ‘ And it shall come to pass, when the Lord thy God hath brought thee in unto the land whither thou goest to possess it, that thou shalt put the blessing upon Mount Gerizim, and the curse upon Mount Ebal. Are they not on the other side Jordan, by the way where the sun goeth down, in the land of the Canaanites, which dwell in the champaign over-against Gilgal, beside the plains of Moreh ? ’ Now, boys, you will find in the eleventh chapter of Deuteronomy the words which I have repeated.”

Mr. Damrell, who was far ahead, now shouted, “ The Well ! The Well ! ” and quickly they were all there. They found a deep well, hewn in the rock, and, sitting down beside it, one of the gentlemen read that beautiful and touching

account of the interview of Christ with the woman of Samaria. A Samaritan priest was standing by, and he responded frequently to the words of the narrative, and seemed deeply interested. Having read the account, they began to examine the well. They found it to be sixty-nine feet deep. It was originally several feet deeper, but has been filled up with stones and rubbish. Walter took out his little exploring hammer and clipped off several pieces of the great stone which for eighteen hundred years has been at the mouth of the well, and on which Christ probably sat as he conversed with the woman. Several of the company, Walter and Harry among them, went some distance down into the well, clinging to the broken sides.

“Do you suppose this is the real well?” asked one of the boys of Mr. Dunnallen.

“It is doubtless the same,” answered that gentleman.

“Do travellers generally agree as to it?”

“Yes. Eusebius and Jerome both refer to it, and Jewish and Samaritan critics all agree that this is the identical well.”

“I supposed there was a church over the well?”

“There was a church built here, but it was destroyed hundreds of years ago.”

They sat a long time there conversing about

Christ, and about the woman, and hearing from the Samaritan priest many local traditions.

“A serious adventure occurred to a company of our countrymen here a few years ago,” said Walter.

“What was it, Walter?” asked Mr. Butterworth.

“I have it here in a book of travels.”

“Read it, if it is not too long.”

“It is too long to read now, but I can give you the substance. A company of travellers were here, and a dozen armed Bedouins came upon them, and wounded one or two of them severely, and with their lives they escaped into Nabulous. They saw the wretches coming, but not supposing they had any evil intention, remained calmly surveying the well. At sight of this, the cowardly dragonian fled to the town. ‘The Bedouins,’ says the narrator, ‘halted behind a spur of the hill, and one of thier number was dispatched to overtake us. Looking over my shoulder, I saw him coming, in full leap upon me, with his lance balanced and ready to run it through my back. Mr. R. could easily have pressed on and made his escape, but seeing that I was in danger of being left alone, and likely to fall into the hands of the enemy, while the rest were already so far ahead as to be sure of escape, with a noble spirit of self-sacrifice, as rare in his

tory as it is beautiful to record, he reined up, and fell back between me and the Bedouin, who was instantly alongside of us. Dashing by and wheeling suddenly in front, he called out to us to stand ; and selecting my friend as his first victim, drove his spear into his side, then struck him twice with it over the head and back, evidently designing to bring him from his horse, and to detain him, and so the rest of us, till his party should come up. Mr. C., looking around and seeing our situation, returned, calling to the monster in his own tongue to desist. It was a fearful sight to see this black villain thrusting his spear into the body of my defenceless and devoted friend. I was within six feet of him, only waiting my turn, expecting the band to come up and surround us in a moment. Whatever may have been my feelings of alarm while we were pursued, they all gave way to calmness and composure when I considered myself and friend as captives in the hand of a savage foe, and entirely at his mercy. It was my expectation that he would dispatch my friend, and then fall upon me. The return of Mr. C. and of Mr. T. seemed to suggest to the Bedouin the necessity of calling for the rest of his party, who were but a few hundred yards from where we were arrested. Ordering us to remain where we were, he dashed off to his company, gave them the signal, and they sallied forth in pursuit

This was our only chance for a desperate effort to reach the town, and we made the most of it. Just as they came out from behind the rock where they were hid, the two native guides, who had been down to the well with us, appeared, and one of them laid hold of the horse of the foremost Bedouin by the bridle, and remonstrated with the robbers against assailing us. These circumstances fortunately delayed them for a few moments ; for they fell upon him, beat him to the earth, pierced him with their spears, stripped him naked, and left him to drag himself home. This delay gave us just the time which we needed, in order to make good our escape ; and there can be no doubt but that we availed ourselves of all the time that was allowed us, and by dint of hard riding reached the town in safety. Our doughty dragoman, who should have stood by us in the affray, had arrived some time in advance, altogether unconscious of the narrow escape that we had made, and of the peril through which we had passed. We were hardly there and safe when the lad who had followed us came rushing into our room, looking more dead than alive—his eyes starting from his head in fright. His red skull-cap had been pulled off by the Arabs ; but as he had nothing else on him worth stealing, they let him go.' "

" I hope we shall not meet with such an adventure here," said Harry.

"No fear of that," answered Mr. Bradley, "two dozen Arabs would not dare to attack us, armed as we are. They are a cowardly race."

From the well, they went to Joseph's tomb. The young reader will remember, that, when he died, he gave commands that his bones should not be allowed to remain in Egypt, but should be carried by the children of Israel. So when the Hebrews went out of Egypt, they took his embalmed body and brought it here. A piece of ground, enclosed by a rough wall, in the centre of which is a white *wely*, is all there is left of it.

"What is a *wely*?" asks some little boy who is reading this page.

Walter would tell him that a *wely* was a little Mohammedan shrine, and also inform him that they are found all over the country.

When they had mounted their horses again, they all sat a while looking up on the two mountains, and speaking of what God and Moses had said concerning them. On the right stood Ebal, a rough, rugged, frowning mountain, looking defiance to all who passed by. On the left was Gerizim, on which once stood the Samaritan temple to which Christ referred in his conversation with the woman at the well. The boys could not quite understand yet why these two mountains should be so called, — Blessing and

Cursing,—and probably some of our young readers will have the same difficulty. Let them ask their teachers in the Sabbath-school, or their parents, who will explain the matter more fully than we are able to do in these pages. With the following extract from Walter's journal, written that night, we close this chapter:—

“ It was with difficulty that I could turn my eyes away from these mountains,—the twins. The top of Ebal is said to be covered with ruins, and some have pretended to find there the remains of an altar built by Joshua. Mount Gerizim seems to shine in every changing feature. There is an irresistible fascination about it which I can neither analyze nor describe, and my gaze was riveted upon it. The stranger shudders as he looks on Ebal ; he feels cheerful and glad as he gazes on Gerizim. On the summit of the latter mountain the Samaritans celebrate the Passover, and whoever climbs to the top, finds the bones of the burnt beasts offered in sacrifice ; and some persons told us that twelve of the stones brought from the bed of the Jordan by the children of Israel are here. There are also the remains of a large edifice, father tells me, which De Sulcey and some others suppose to be the Samaritan temple ; but Mr. Tenant says that it is more likely to be the foundation of an old fortress built after the

temple of the Samaritans had passed away. I was sorry when I heard the call of Mohammed for us to go into town. Those mountains haunt my memory, and I shall carry home the memory of their imposing and venerable forms,—Ebal, the Mount of Cursing, and Gerizim, the Mount of Blessing.”

CHAPTER III.

TENT-PITCHING IN NABULOUS.

DOWN the vale of Nabulous the party rode towards the town. Mohammed went as if he was mad ; Mr. Tenant followed, at a gallop ; and on came the whole company, Dr. Forestall bringing up the rear. On reaching Nabulous, which is a place of about eight thousand inhabitants, they drew rein and slacked their pace. The reception they met was anything but civil. Men and women thronged the streets and showered upon them all manner of abuse. The boys ran behind Dr. Forestall and pulled the horse's tail, and the animal had the good sense not to resent it. Now and then a stone, flung from an unseen hand, would go whizzing by the head of some one ; and very glad were they when they had passed through the town, and reached their encampment in the olive groves beyond. Abdalluh was there before them, with his cooks and servants, and had the tents pitched and the dinner all ready. Until after dark the encampment was surrounded by idle vagrants and mis-

erably clad Samaritans, who were insolent and uncivil. But the camp was beautifully located. The olive-trees were very venerable, and spread their branches wide; and but for the fear that they would be attacked before morning, the party would have deemed themselves finely accommodated.

Among the rest who came to the door of the tents was a teacher of Christianity, who had in charge two or three blind boys which he presented as objects of charity. He could talk English, and interested the strangers very much.

In the evening, while they were all sitting in front of the tents, one or two of them engaged in the bad habit of smoking, the conversation turned upon the Samaritans.

“What I want to know,” said Walter, “is, how the Samaritans differ from the Jews, and how a distinct people came in here.”

“We can answer you that,” replied his father.

“I wish you would.”

“The common belief is, that the Samaritans sprang from foreign colonies, from Babylon and other places, after the people who originally lived here were slain or carried away by Shalmaneser, — a mixed race that retained a part of their old superstitions and idolatries, and yet under Jewish teachings became partially converted to Judaism.

These Samaritans wished to assist in the rebuilding of the Temple after the return of the Jews from Babylon ; but the bigoted Jews refusing, they built one of their own on Mount Gerizim. This in a few words is the origin of the sect and their temple."

" What do they believe in religion ? "

" They accept of the Bible nothing but the Pentateuch."

" What is that ? " asked Harry.

" Don't you know ? "

" No, sir."

" Then Walter can tell you."

" Can you, Walter ? "

" Yes, Harry. The Pentateuch is the five books of Moses."

" What does the word mean ? What does it come from ? "

" Ah, that I cannot tell. Can you, Dr. Fores-tall ? "

" Yes."

" Please, do," said Walter.

" The word *Pentateuch* is from two Greek words : *pente*, five ; and *teuchos*, books."

" They believe, like the Jews," resumed Mr. Percy, " in a coming Messiah, in the immortality of the soul, and the resurrection of the dead. Mr. Allston will at some time tell you more particularly about them."

“But,” said Harry, “I have never read in Scripture about Nabulous, as this town is called.”

“No; but you read about Shechem?” said Mr Butterworth.

“I believe I have.”

“This is the place. Walter can tell you all about it.”

So Walter told Harry what the Scriptures say about Shechem, what notable events transpired there, and how it figured in Bible history.

As soon as the darkness of night came on, the people went away, and the travellers, weary with the ride of the day, retired to rest. Mohammed, fearing an attack on the camp, kept one of his mulemen awake and on guard; but the people did not trouble them. But though the Samaritans kept away, their dogs did not, but around the camp a score of them kept up a terrible howling all night long. Once it became so bad that Mr. Damrell went out, and, by vigorously stoning them, drove them off; but they soon returned and made the night hideous with their barking.

The next morning was a most beautiful one; and before the sun all the party were up, and, on leaving their tents, they found the Samaritan priest before spoken of, standing outside to invite them to attend the Samaritan synagogue and witness the worship,—the day being Saturday.

They found the synagogue to be a mean, filthy place, and the worship disgusting and senseless. A similar scene which occurred in the same synagogue a few years before will answer for a description of what Harry and Walter declared to be shameful folly. "I asked permission," says the narrator, "to remain, which was readily granted. The services commenced by all turning their faces to the recess or sanctuary, prostrating themselves on the ground and touching the floor with lips and forehead. They then rose to their knees, and, resting back on their heels,—a posture which none but Orientals can assume,—commenced to chant, led by the priest, and two young men, his cousins, who were stationed immediately in front of the sanctuary. At first they spoke slowly and with low voice, but they gradually went faster and grew louder until the united voices became an absolute dismal *howl*. I had never heard anything like it except the howling *derwishes* at Damascus. There was no semblance of feeling or devotion,—it was just a performance. Each one who came in after the commencement made the prostrations and went on with the others. Three or four boys arrived very late, and one of them had a regular battle for a place. On attempting to kneel beside a man, the latter drove him roughly away; in another place he met with still a ruder recep-

tion, and it was fully three minutes before he could get a spot to rest on, — all eyes in the mean time being turned on the disputants ! ”

On their return to the tents, they brought with them a fear that they were to be attacked on leaving the town. Mohammed told them that his august presence alone had saved them from assault in the night ; and the fellow evidently wished to excite their fears to magnify himself in their estimation. They were not, however, deceived by him, nor did they have apprehension of serious trouble, as there was a large and well-armed party of resolute men. In truth, Mr. Tenant wished a little brush with the natives, to see how they would act in such circumstances, as he said.

They were no sooner seated at the breakfast-table than they were surrounded by a curious, gaping crowd of Samaritans. Some were almost blind ; some were covered with rags ; while out beyond them, in the distance, could be seen between the trees the filthy lepers.

“ What a miserable set ! ” remarked Harry.

“ I never saw the like before,” replied Walter.

“ See how those well-dressed men scowl on us.”

“ I see ; they look as if they wished to eat us up.”

“ Rather as if they wished to tear us in pieces.”

WALTER IN SAMARIA.

“ You should rejoice, boys,” remarked Mr Percy, “ that God has given you your birth in America instead of in this country; you, perhaps would be what these poor creatures are if you lived here. Their condition should excite your pity and commiseration, and not your contempt.”

“ But Mr. Percy,” said Harry, “ how can we help feeling contempt for people who will not comb their hair, or wash their faces, or behave themselves ? ”

“ The fact that they are so filthy is an evidence that they are degraded, and their degradation is pitiable. You should have your hearts filled with gratitude to your kind Father in Heaven for giving you a higher and better idea of life, and placing you in a land full of privileges and blessings.”

“ See, Mr. Percy, you have started the tears in Walter’s eyes.”

“ So I have. My son, what starts those tears ? ”

“ Why, father, as you spoke of the occasion we had for gratitude, I thought of home, and then I remembered mother and sister, whom I love so much, and the tears would start.”

“ You should rejoice in that thought.”

“ I do. These tears are tears of joy.”

“ Your mother and Minnie are doubtless enjoying themselves very much in Beyroot, where we shall meet them again in a few days.”

“ Gentlemen must be done breakfast, very quick,” cried Mohammed Achmet, advancing.

“ What is the hurry ? ” asked Mr. Dunnallen.

“ The Samaritans will come upon us if we stay much longer.”

“ Nonsense ! ”

“ Mr. Dunnallen, I am Mohammed Achmet, and I say the Samaritans will come.”

“ Well, let them come.”

“ They take my mules ; they take my tents ; they take my beds, they take my gentlemen ; and they — they — they — ”

“ They what ? ”

“ They cut my neck right off.”

“ Are you afraid of them ? ”

“ Yes ; they no good. They not Mussulmans.”

“ There is a good reason why we should hurry a little,” Mr. Butterworth said.

“ What is that ? ” asked some one.

“ The sun is getting high, the day is growing hot, and we have a long ride before us. That is what makes Hajji Mohammed in such a hurry to get away.”

It was not long before they were ready to start, tents pitched, baggage all secured, boys mounted, gentlemen impatient, steeds prancing and pawing the ground, and the dragoman shouting — “ Forward ! — ahead, — what you call him ? — Go along.”

They drove out of Nabulous, or ancient Shechem, by a different route from that by which they entered ; and if the inhabitants had entertained the idea of doing them mischief, they were disappointed in not seeing them. Very likely they did intend to throw a few stones at them from their houses, as a parting tribute ; but this sort of recreation was denied them.

CHAPTER IV.

STONED AT SEBASTE.

“AT what place do we stop first, to-day ?” asked Walter of his father, as they passed along the road, which was one of the best they had found in the country.

“Sebaste.”

“I have heard of that place. It is the modern name of some ancient city, is it not ?”

“What city ?”

“I don’t remember, pa.”

“It is the modern name of Samaria. You know there was a large territory known as Samaria, and also a city, of the same name.”

“Yes, sir.”

“In a little while the place will burst upon our view ; and I expect the first sight will be very beautiful.”

“Is it a large place now ?”

“No ; I presume not.”

“Have you an idea how large ?”

“It is said to have a population of four hun-

dred persons, and about sixty houses, and to be a very miserable place, and somewhat dangerous to pass through."

"Do you apprehend danger?"

"No; we have too large a party."

"But if there are four hundred inhabitants, we should be nothing to them."

"True, my son; but they are very cowardly, and do not attack armed travellers, unless the prospect of easily overcoming them is sure."

Thus conversing, they rode along through a most charming country, on every feature of which God had written beauty and sublimity. They dashed by villages, the people of which came out to see them, stopping for a moment at a little fountain covered with an old Roman arch, where shepherds were watering their flocks; and at length gaining the ridge of a hill, the town of Sebaste was before them in the distance.

All drew up, and gazed.

"Beautiful!" cried Mr. Allston.

"Splendid!" shouted Harry.

"I never saw anything prettier," said Walter.

"It is certainly a most delightful view," added Mr. Percy.

"I could stand here and look at that half a day," declared Mr. Tenant.

And, indeed, the view before them was one of enchanting loveliness. They were far enough

from Sebaste to see its beautiful location, without a sight of its filth and degradation. The whole country was glorious to the eye, and no wonder they sat there on their horses and gazed at it. There before them was Sebaste, — ancient Samaria. — “The situation of this royal city,” says one, “if less beautiful, is more commanding than that of its sister, Shechem. Nearly in the centre of a basin, about five miles in diameter, rises a flattish, oval-shaped hill, to the height of some three hundred feet. On the summit is a long and nearly level plateau, which breaks down at the sides, one hundred feet or more, to an irregular terrace or belt of level land; below this the roots of the hill spread off more gradually into the surrounding valleys. The whole is now cultivated in terraces, in the formation of which the stones of the ancient city have been freely used. Groves of luxuriant olives almost cover the southern side, and fill the valley below, while single trees and little groups dot the rest. A wide circuit of picturesque mountains encompasses the basin, having only a narrow opening on the west, through which a winter torrent finds its way to the plain of Sharon. Little villages, with their green cornfields and gray olive-groves, stud the dark mountain-sides or crown their summits, making the whole landscape one of the richest and most beautiful in Palestine.”

“On, on!” shouted Mr. Tenant, who was already spurring his horse forward.

“On, on!” cried the rest, as they followed after him.

They soon came to the hill, which, though terraced to the top, was difficult of ascent. Rows of elegant pillars running round the mound show that it must have been very beautiful when in its glory. They clambered up over stones, and pits, and gullies, which made it difficult for their horses to advance, and one or two of them were thrown down in their efforts to advance. They found in the whole place but one building of note, the Church of St. George, built by the crusaders. The roof is gone, but the edifice yet shows marks of great beauty, being very richly ornamented.

“Father, was John the Baptist buried here?” asked Walter.

“It is said so.”

“Do you believe it?”

“No.”

“What makes them think he was buried in this place?”

“It is an old tradition, not well founded.”

“How long has the tradition been received by the people as true?”

“Since the days of Jerome, who wrote about the year 400.”

“Is it likely that they could have been mistaken at so early a period as that?”

“Yes; for Josephus, the great Jewish historian, says that John was beheaded in the castle of Macherus, on the east side of the Dead Sea.”

“Could he not have been beheaded there and buried here?”

“He might have been, but it is not likely.”

“I thought that perhaps his disciples and followers might have brought his body here, just as Joseph and others begged the body of Christ of Pilate.”

“But the tradition is that John was beheaded as well as buried here; and Josephus must be wrong entirely, or Jerome was.”

“Here is the tomb,” said the dragoman, pointing to a little *wely* in the church.

The tomb is a little cell cut in the rock, which is reached by a descent of twenty-one steps, and which probably was made at an early period for the body of some illustrious person, — whether the body of John the Baptist or of some other man is not positively known.

Walter took out his measuring tape, and found the length of the church to be one hundred and fifty-three feet, and its breadth seventy-five feet.

As they sat on the broken stones, Mr. Dunnallen took out his pocket Bible and read the following prediction of the fate of this once beauti-

ful city:—“I will make Samaria as an heap of the field, and as plantings of a vineyard; and I will pour down the stones thereof into the valley and I will discover the foundations thereof.”*

“Here,” said Dr. Forestall, “is a literal fulfilment of that prediction. It would seem as if on this spot scepticism must cease to doubt.”

Walter, who was looking over his Bible, finding passages which referred to Samaria, at once looked up and asked, —

“Harry, what do you think this hill was originally bought for, by the king who wished to build a capitol up *in* it?”

“I don’t know.”

“Guess.”

“I can’t guess.”

“Well, try.”

“Perhaps a million dollars.”

“Too much.”

“Well, half a million.”

“No.”

“Then, one hundred thousand.”

“Too much.”

“Then, fifty thousand.”

“No; you are wrong yet.”

“Ten thousand.”

“Less than that.”

“Well, it is no use for me to guess; tell me.”

* Micah i. 6.



LEAVING SEBUSTE.



“No ; keep on. You will get it right by and by.”

“Five thousand dollars.”

“You are nearer now.”

“O tell me, and don’t bother.”

“The Bible states that Omri, king of Israel, bought this hill of Shemer for two talents of silver.”

“Well, I don’t know any better now than I did before. What are two talents of silver ?”

“About nine hundred pounds sterling, or a little less than four thousand five hundred dollars.”

“He paid enough for it.”

“Boys,” said Mr. Percy, “if you will read the two books of the Kings, you will find that many very interesting things occurred at Samaria ; and the reading of them, when you get time, will make your remembrances of this placee far more interesting and profitable.”

“Let us go,” said Mohammed. And mounting their horses, they rode out of the church-enclosure. And there they found collected in the street a large number of women and boys, ready for an assault. The men did not appear. Either they were mostly away from home, or kept concealed in their houses. But the women and boys were numerous ; and starting up out of the grain, or rushing from the houses, or standing

behind the trees, they poured on our travellers the most terrible denunciations. Those who could understand the language said the oaths, anathemas, and curses were most appalling, and the obscenity and vulgarity most disgusting. But this was not the worst. They had no sooner got a little in advance than a shower of stones were poured upon them, raining upon their heads and all around them. They drove as fast as they could, but the streets were so bad that the juvenile mob kept up with them; and so annoying and dangerous did the stones become, that Mr. Allston turned his horse and discharged his revolver once or twice over the heads of the rude throng. This had the desired effect. They were frightened, and kept at a more respectful distance, and though they continued to throw stones, none of them reached the mark.

“Let me fire at them, Mr. Allston, will you?” asked Harry.

“What do you want to fire for?”

“I will hit one of those miserable brats.”

“What do you wish to hit them for?”

“They are insulting us, and deserve a lesson that they will always remember. You have fired two or three times and haven’t hit any one.”

“I did not try to shoot them — only to frighten them by firing over their heads.”

“ Well, they ought to have a lesson taught them.”

“ Don’t let him, Mr. Allston,” said Walter.

“ Of course not.”

“ He is just reckless enough to kill one of those boys.”

“ They ought to be impressed with the importance of treating people who come here better,” said Harry. “ To pepper one of them would make them behave well for the next half century.”

“ No,” said Mr. Butterworth, overhearing the conversation; “ if you should be provoked, and fire at one of these boys and wound him, there might be a gathering of the men, and we should be pursued and all killed. Or, if they did not dare to follow us, the next time a defenceless company of travellers passed through, revenge would be taken on them, and they might all be assassinated.”

“ Perhaps you are right, Mr. Butterworth; you always are, I know; but it is hard to have stones thrown at you and not throw them back.”

“ That may be; but it is not right to throw stones back; you had better not do it.”

“ I can’t help the feeling I have.”

“ Yes, you can. Your Saviour, who sat on the well where we sat yesterday, would tell you not to retaliate, but to bear injuries meekly, look-

ing to God to avenge your wrongs if avenge ment is necessary."

"Yes, sir; but he was the Son of God, and Walter told me the other night that when he was crucified he prayed for his murderers. But we are not like him; we are human, and have bad feelings in our hearts. We cannot do as he would have done."

"We can try, and, as near as our sinful hearts will allow, we can imitate him, and try to do as he tells us to."

"Well, that will do to tell Walter. He will agree to it; but I think if any one hits me, I shall hit him back again. You have a right to do so in self-defence."

"Self-defence is one thing, Harry, and retaliation is another thing. If a boy throws a stone at you, and you throw another at him, you act not in self-defence, but in retaliation, and that is wicked."

"Perhaps I shall be as good as Walter one of these days, and then I shall have this forgiving spirit; but, just now, I would like to pepper those boys that are stoning us."

They were soon out of the town, riding down the hill. At the foot of the hill the people were more civil, and several laborers in a field smiled at them, and nodded their heads. The country through which they rode was very beautiful.

“ The road winds down the rich vale through orchards of fig, apricot, apple, pomegranate, and olive-trees, intermixed with well-watered gardens of cucumbers and melons, and shut in by terraced hill-sides, dotted with villages and sprinkled with olive groves and vineyards. The ‘ voice of waters ’ is everywhere in our ears, and the lively whir of mill-wheels now and again mingles with it; while strings of donkeys and camels, groaning under loads of wheat and flour, give the charms of life and industry to the scene.”

Sometime in the afternoon they reached Jeb'a, and in a vineyard of olive- and fig-trees stopped to dine. Mohammed spread his carpet under the trees, and, unrolling his provisions, extemporized a table, around which all sat down, Turkish fashion, to eat with their fingers,—knives and forks having gone on with the luggage in care of Abdalluh. After dinner the weary boys threw themselves on the grass, and while the gentlemen sat conversing, they slept soundly.

Leaving the boys asleep, we will tell our young readers that the experience of this party at Sebaste was not different from that which other travellers have met in their visits to that miserable town on the hill-top. And, before the boys awake, we will read the account given by one who always infuses life into whatever falls from his pen. “ I had remained behind the party,”

he says, “ with Abd-el-Atti, and we were now riding on fast to overtake them. As we passed through the village, a volley of stones came down the hill from the left, and nearly unhorsed me. Without pausing an instant, only looking up to see the crowd of men and boys who had thrown them, Whately and myself turned our horses up the hill. He took them on the right and I on the left, dodging their missiles as we advanced, our strong horses going up the steep rocks like goats. Seeing our determination, they desisted, and when we reached the platform on which they had been standing, we found only women left, and they assured us the assailants were only boys. We knew better, but were forced to return unsatisfied, taking the narrow and steep lanes of the village to the foot of the hill, and again entering the pass to proceed on our way.

“ We had not advanced beyond our former position, when another volley came down, with greater force than before. If one had struck me, I had not been here to write this. It would have killed me then and there. This was no child’s play ; and now we saw the rascals far up the hill-side, on the crags, where they supposed themselves safe. I pointed a pistol at them, and they laughed derisively, and sent down a shower of stones. Human nature couldn’t stand that, and I fired. They believed themselves out of reach

of ball, but an eight-inch Colt is a terrible weapon to carry. The conical ball went whistling over their heads, and split a piece off from a rock a hundred feet above them. It was the first, last, and only time, in all my travels in the East, that I had occasion to use a deadly weapon, and I think it produced a good effect here. I never lost an opportunity of impressing the Arabs with the perfection of American and English weapons, and the danger of attacking any one of the armed Franks. I think the lesson of that ball not lost, and under the circumstances I should probably not have regretted if it had written its lesson in the flesh of one of them. As the chips of stone fell rattling among them, they retreated with a howl of dismay, and we rode on in peace."

"Halloo, Harry!" cried Walter, jumping up and rubbing his eyes. "I have been dreaming."

"About what?"

"I thought I heard somebody relating his adventures at Sebaste, and they were very much like ours, only he fired a bullet which clipped the rock, and frightened the miserable people about to death."

"You must have been dreaming, or perhaps it was Mr. Bradley reading out of that book which he is tossing up in the air."

"I guess I was dreaming."

"Well, go to sleep and dream a little longer.

Perhaps you will dream that some of those creatures have been killed. And if the dream should come true, I should be—”

“ O, Harry, don’t say you should be glad. It would be wicked to say so. Those poor boys, though they did very wrong, do not know any better. They are ignorant, while we have been educated, and we ought not to—”

“ O, nonsense, Walter! I should like to get hold of one of them and give him the contents—”

A call from Mr. Percy cut short the sentence.

CHAPTER V.

“CAMP QUIET” AT JENÎN.

ALL were in the best of spirits as Jeb'a was left behind, and the cavalcade dashed off in the direction of Merj el-Ghûrûk, the Drowning Meadow. This meadow is a basin, formed by surrounding hills, which contains water nearly all the year round, and the borders of which are very beautiful. Crossing this meadow, Walter started a question which gave rise to a discussion of considerable interest.

“Father,” he said, “the Bible tells us that John the Baptist lived on locusts and wild honey. Please tell me what the locusts and wild honey are?”

“I may not be right, but I think the locust was an insect which is still used for food in some parts of Syria.”

“Is that the common opinion?”

“I think so. What do you think, Mr. Butterworth?”

“I do not agree with you,” said the gentleman addressed. “I think the locust was a fruit,

a bean-like pod with a seed in it similar to the carob, or husk, on which the prodigal son fed.”

“ Mr. Butterworth may be right, Walter, for I have not given the subject much attention ; but I must still cling to my first opinion. You can set that down on your memorandum as one of the subjects on which you are to inform yourself when you get home.”

“ Well, sir, what is ‘ wild honey ’ ? ”

“ I suppose that to be honey made by wild bees in the rocks and hollow trees. You know Samson found a nest of bees with honey in the carcass of the lion. But here is Dr. Forestall,—ask him.”

“ Well, Doctor, I have just asked father what ‘ wild honey ’ is, and he says it is honey made by wild bees in the rocks. Do you agree with him in that view ? ”

“ I regret to say that I differ with him on that point, to which I have given some attention.”

“ Well, what do you think ? ”

“ I think it was not honey at all, but a kind of gum which is obtained from trees, and which, undergoing a certain preparation, is used as an article of food by the poorer people.”

“ So, pa, you do not seem to agree with the Doctor any better than you do with Mr. Butterworth.”

“ I presume that ; yet I differ from Dr. For-

estall more confidently than I did with Mr. Butterworth."

" So do I," said Mr. Allston.

" And I am on that side," said Mr. Damrell.

" I am not," said Mr. Bradley.

" Well, gentlemen, you don't agree about the wild honey, so I think I must step in and settle the matter by quoting eminent authority. Mr. Hackett says, as I read here, that the ' wild honey ' on which John subsisted in part, was no doubt the honey of wild bees, and not a sweet gum, known under the same designation, which flows from certain trees in the East. It is doubtful whether the trees which produce ' honey,' so called, ever grew in Palestine, though they are said to be very common in Arabia. On the contrary, bees abound there still, not only wild, but hived, as with us. I saw a great number of hives in the old castle near the Pools of Solomon ; several, also, at Deburieh, at the foot of Tabor ; and, again, at Mejdel, the Magdala of the New Testament, on the Lake of Tiberias. Maundrell says that he saw ' bees very industrious about the blossoms ' between Jericho and the Dead Sea, which must have been within the limits of the very ' desert ' in which John ' did eat locusts and wild honey.' "

" Good authority, Walter," said the Doctor ;

" but I hold to my former opinion, for which I

could bring authorities and opinions quite **as** good."

They were now riding along beneath the heights on which stands the fortress of Sânûr, which was once a very strong fortification, and a conversation occurred as to its history, to which both the boys listened with much interest.

"Here is a place the boys will want to notice," said Mr. Tenant, turning back.

"What is it?" shouted they both at once.

"Yonder plain that you see is the site of Dothan."

"Dothan, Dothan! what of that?" asked Harry.

"Walter can tell you, I know."

"No, sir, I cannot," said the boy.

"Then I must tell you. It was on that plain that Joseph was thrown into the pit. The well is said to be near Dothan to this day."

"I should like to see it."

"We cannot deviate from our course now, it is too near night for that."

Walter and Harry rode side by side, talking about the wickedness of those brethren in putting their boy-brother into the pit, and the remarkable providence of God which saved him, and raised him to the throne of Egypt. Harry did not know much about it, and he had a hundred questions to ask. Walter, who had always been

to Sunday school, also told him how at one time the prophet Elisha was at Dothan, and king Benhadad wished to take him prisoner, and, to do it, entirely surrounded the town. The servant of Elisha was afraid ; but God opened his eyes, and he saw that the hill round about was full of horses, and chariots of fire came to Elisha's assistance. Walter also told him how the soldiers of Benhadad were smitten with blindness, and retired in confusion.

"Where can I read that ?" asked the listener.

"In the Second Book of Kings ; and to-morrow, being the Sabbath, I will read it to you."

"I should like much to have you do so."

Just then their attention was arrested by a shout.

"The tents ! the tents !"

And, sure enough, there before them were the white tents which Abdalluh had pitched on the outskirts of the picturesque village of Jenîn, where they were to spend the Sabbath. This village of Jenîn is the ancient En-gannim, and is just at the opening of the great plain of Esdraelon ; and the young reader will find it if he will look on the map of Palestine. It has only two thousand inhabitants, and has diminished in size and importance since it was an old Levitical city.

"What do you call this plain," asked Walter of Mr. Tenant, as they rode up to the tents.

“ This is the ‘ Fountain of Gardens.’ ”

“ I see no gardens, and nothing that looks like a fountain, except this little stream that is flowing by our tents yonder.”

“ En-gannim is the ancient name, and signifies fountain of gardens.”

“ Well, I certainly think it will be a most delightful place to stop over the Sabbath.”

“ Let us christen our camp, Walter,” said Harry, riding up.

“ What name shall we give it ? ”

“ I don’t know.”

“ Call it ‘ Camp Washington.’ ”

“ No ; don’t give that sacred name to anything in this region.”

“ Well, then, call it ‘ Camp Quiet,’ — for here we are to rest.”

“ Yes, yes, that will do, — ‘ Camp Quiet.’ ”

“ Father,” cried Walter, “ we have named our camp.”

“ What name have you given it ? ”

“ We call it ‘ Camp Quiet.’ ”

“ More likely you will make it ‘ Camp Confusion,’ before Monday.”

“ O no, sir ; we design to be very quiet here. I am very tired, and Harry says he shall sleep all day to-morrow.”

“ Well, we will adopt your name for our camp, and we hope you and Harry will make it indeed a quiet camp.”

They now dismounted, and soon each man was seen with a bowl of water, washing his face and hands, and recruiting himself after the toils of the ride. They found themselves delightfully situated on the border of the great plain. A beautiful stream of water flowed through the camp, and the town of Jenîn rose on the hill-side, forming a very beautiful picture to the eye. In the evening, they went into the town and conversed with the people, who seemed very glad to see them, and treated them with the greatest kindness. After their return they sat in the door of their tent, and enjoyed the cool of the evening.

"Mohammed," asked Walter, "don't I see a tent away out there in the distance?"

"You see a tent! — perhaps."

"Whose tent is it?"

"I know."

"Well, tell me."

"I will tell you."

"Is it another party of travellers?"

"No, sah."

"Whose is it, then?"

"The Sheik's!"

"The Sheik of what?"

"The Sheik of Jenîn."

"Does he live in a tent?"

"He pitches his tent out there in the sum-

mer, to get away from the bad things in the town."

Abdalluh here set up a yell, in which all the Arab attendants joined.

"What is the matter?" asked several at once.

"I go see, gentlemans," said the dragoman. Soon he came back in haste, and said,—

"The Sheik is coming!"

"What is he coming for?"

"To see you."

"What does he want to see us for?"

"To salute you, and be civil to you, and welcome you to his town."

"Go out to meet him, Mohammed," said Mr. Percy, "and give him an Arabic welcome to the camp."

Soon the dragoman returned, bringing the Sheik with him, and sat him down on one of the camp-chairs in the largest tent, and introduced him to the company. He was a man of about sixty years of age, sunburnt and bronzed, with huge pistols, knives, and other weapons stuck in his girdle and belt. He gave his long pipe to each one, and a whiff was taken by every person from it. Then Mohammed fixed some coffee and brought it to him, which he swallowed with the greatest eagerness. During this time nothing had been said on either side; but after the coffee was taken, the old chief became very sociable and

welcomed the whole party to Jenîn, and was very cordial and felicitous in his speech, as it was interpreted by Mohammed. He told them, that, if he ever went to their country, he would visit them in their tents. Before he left, he saw the two boys, who were very much interested in him. He began talking about them to Mohammed.

"What does he say, Mohammed?" asked Mr. Percy.

"He say Walter and Harry very young to go so far from home."

"Tell him that they wish to see Palestine, where the Saviour lived and died."

Mohammed told him, and he replied.

"He say," continued the dragoman, "that he glad to see the boys, but don't know any Saviour."

"Tell him that the Saviour came from heaven and lived in Palestine, and was crucified at Jerusalem."

"He say," answered Mohammed, "that he heard that before."

When the old man rose to go, he shook hands with each of the gentlemen and laid his hands on the heads of the two boys, and murmured something which they supposed to be a blessing but what he said, Mohammed would not tell them.

That night they all slept very soundly, and

rose on Sabbath morning very much refreshed. The boys wandered down the stream to a place where it was very deep, and took a cold morning bath, and returned just as the others were sitting down to breakfast.

“What shall we do to-day?” queried Harry, at the table.

“Go to church,” replied Mr. Dunnallen.

“Where?”

“In our tents.”

“Can we have church here?”

“Yes.”

“I don’t see where we shall get people to near?”

“Oh, there are several of us; and our dragoon may wish to attend, and his servants.”

“That will be nice, to have a service of our own.”

“What shall we have for pulpit?” asked Harry, who had listened attentively.

“We don’t want any,” answered Mr. Percy.

“A meeting without a pulpit?”

“Yes.”

“I don’t see how you can.

“We will show you.”

About an hour afterwards they all assembled in the largest tent, and sang some beautiful hymns, read the Scriptures, offered prayer, and one of the gentlemen, a clergyman, preached a

sermon. The Arabs would not enter the tent, but sat outside, where they could hear all that was said, and see all that was done. They were very attentive, though they said nothing.

"So, you see, Harry," said Mr. Percy, "we can have a meeting and worship God, if we have no pulpit, no organ, no church edifice."

"Yes; but do you think it is as real worship as if we were in Park Street Church, in Boston, or Trinity Church, in New York?"

"That depends on our hearts. If our hearts are right, we can worship God just as acceptably in a tent or a house, or out in the open air, as if we were in St. Peter's or St. Paul's."

"I suppose it is so; but it don't seem so."

"You know, Harry, that the Israelites worshipped God in a tent, previous to the building of the Temple, the foundations of which you saw on Mount Moriah?"

"Did they?"

"Yes."

"Tell me about it, won't you?"

"Yes, I will tell you. You have heard of the Tabernacle?"

"Yes, sir."

"What was that?"

"I don't know."

"Well, the Tabernacle was a movable structure, consisting of forty-eight perpendicular pieces

of wood, which were held together by silver hooks ; over these, coverings of cloth were hung, and all the partitions were of cloth. When the people moved, the Tabernacle was taken down ; and when they stopped again, it was set up. A full description of it you will find in the Old Testament, which you and Walter can read together this afternoon."

" What does the word ' tabernacle ' mean ? "

" It means ' tent. ' "

" So we held our services this morning in a tabernacle."

" Yes ; in imitation of those who once dwelt in this land."

In the afternoon the boys read the account of the Tabernacle, and Mr. Allston sat down with them and gave them many of the most interesting features of the Jewish religion and worship ; showed them wherein it differed from the Christian religion, and from Mohammedanism, the religion of the country now. At night the party separated and went in different directions, and each found pleasure or rest in the best way he could. The boys wandered off into the town, and peeped into the doors of the houses, and saw what they could of the people. They did not wonder that the Sheik built his tent outside, for all the houses they saw were very filthy and wretched. They saw little boys and girls with

no clothing on, and older people in rags and degradation, looking very miserable and unhappy.

"O how grateful we ought to be that we don't live here," said Walter.

"But I wouldn't live here."

"How could you help it if you were born here?"

"I would move away to London, or Paris,— or I would emigrate to America."

"But if you were born here, you would have no wish to go away. Your mind would be darkened, and your view of things low, as are those of these people. You would be one of them, and consequently be like them."

"I didn't think of that. But, come, let us go back. I have seen enough of this kind of life."

When they got back to the tents, they found the gentlemen all there, wondering at their absence; and Mohammed was about starting in pursuit of them. They all were glad to see the boys safely returning. The latter part of the evening was spent in singing, conversation, and other pleasant exercises, after which they went to bed, to seek rest for the **di**ties of the **next** day.

CHAPTER VI.

NAZARETH, THE HOME OF JESUS.

“CAMP QUIET” was broken up before the sun arose; and when the king of day came forth from his bedchamber in the east, the party — the two boys ahead — were capering over the vast plain of Esdraelon. This plain extends from Jenin to Nazareth, is eighteen miles long, and fifteen miles wide, and is fertile enough to supply grain for all Palestine. It is the old battle-ground of Palestine. Almost every foot of its soil has been saturated with blood, and, as they rode over it, Mr. Percy pointed out to the boys the spots most noted in history.

“I have often heard of this plain, but do not remember where it is mentioned in the Bible,” said Walter, as he rode up to one side of his father, and Harry got upon the other.

“This,” said the gentleman addressed, “is the famous Megiddo, where a battle occurred between Necho, king of Egypt, and Josiah, king of Judah, in which the latter was wounded by an arrow, and put into his chariot to be driven to Jerusalem, where he soon died.”

“I remember reading about it in the *Chronicles*

“Yes; and here, on this plain, Barak and Deborah gained their great victory over Sisera. Barak was encamped on Mount Tabor with ten thousand men, and when Sisera came upon this plain, he came down and slaughtered him and his whole army.”

“Did Barak slay Sisera in battle, pa?”

“No, my son. I see you remember the account better than I do.”

“I have read it many times.”

“What did become of Sisera?” asked Harry.

“Why,” replied Mr. Percy, “after his great defeat and the slaughter of his army, a woman named Jael went out to meet him as he fled, and invited him to her tent. He went; and being very tired, he went to sleep after taking some refreshments; and as he slept on the earth, Jael took a nail, and with a hammer pounded it through his temples, and nailed him to the earth.”

“What a wretch!”

“By and by, Barak came along in full pursuit after Sisera, and Jael took him into her tent and showed him the dead captain, with his head nailed to the ground.”

“Did Barak punish her?”

“No.”

“Why not?”

“Those were barbarous days, and men **and** women committed deeds that we now in this age of riper civilization should shrink from with instinctive horror.”

“Beautiful! beautiful!”

“Who is that exclaiming ‘beautiful’?” asked Mr. Tenant, turning round.

“Walter, of course,” answered Harry.

“What is beautiful?”

“Why, this scene before us, and around us. I can hardly listen to the history of the plain, while such natural beauties are breaking upon me.”

“An enthusiast!” cried Harry.

“I am willing to be. And who would not be. Just look, Harry: did you ever see anything more beautiful?”

“What?”

“What? Why, here we are in a beautiful plain, all surrounded by grand historic mountains. There, don’t you see Little Hermon out there through the vista; and, over there, Gilboa; and away, off toward the sea, as far as you can look, is Carmel; here is Tabor, and away off to the North is ice-clad Hermon the Great. Why, if a boy had any soul he could not help being an enthusiast.”

“That may be; but I am more interested in hearing your father tell about those battles.”

“Here, boys, is a little town,” said Mr. Percy.

“Yes, sir,” answered his son. “What is it?”

“Jezreel.”

“What of it, Mr. Percy?” asked Harry.

“I will tell you about it. This was once a court town. King Ahab lived here; and there is a story, as to how he got the land for his palace, that you may like to hear.”

“O, do tell it. Let Walter admire the scenery, while you tell me the story.”

“Ahab’s palace was here, and close by it a vineyard of one of his subjects, Naboth. Ahab wanted the vineyard, and Naboth would not sell it.”

“If Ahab was king, why didn’t he take it without asking for it?”

“A king has no right to interfere with the property of his loyal subjects.”

“I thought a king could do anything.”

“No. Neither the Queen of England nor the Emperor of France could take the property of their subjects and use it for their private purposes. The subject has protection in his rights.”

“Well, about the story?”

“When Ahab found Naboth would not let him have the vineyard, he was sorry and angry, and told his wife. She was a very wicked woman, and set herself to work by false witness to have Naboth accused of blasphemy.”

“ How would that help her husband to get the vineyard ? ”

“ A person convicted of blasphemy was put to death by stoning, and his property confiscated and taken by government.”

“ Ah ! I see. Did she succeed ? ”

“ Yes ; her false witnesses convicted the man. He was stoned, and Ahab took possession of his vineyard.”

“ I shouldn’t suppose God would prosper such villainy as that ? ”

“ He did not. Jezebel — for that was the woman’s name — met with most fearful retribution. She was trampled to death beneath the feet of horses, and her flesh was eaten by dogs ; while to this day dogs in immense numbers are said to prowl around Jezreel, eating the flesh of horses or men, as they may chance to fall upon.”

“ I see there are great numbers of dogs here.”

But while this conversation was going on, they had passed by Jezreel, and were fast approaching another village.

“ What is this ? ” asked the boys.

“ ‘ El Fûleh,’ — which means, ‘ The Bean.’ ”

“ What happened here ? ”

“ Gideon’s victory, with his men who lapped the water, was gained here ; and close by, Saul fought the battle about which he went to consult the Witch of Endor.”

“Ah, I remember that,” said Harry, who, to tell the truth, would much rather hear a witch story, or a ghost story, than anything better.

“A later battle occurred here,” remarked Mr. Percy. “Kleber, the French general, at this place conquered the Turks, in 1799.”

“Tell us about it,” cried Harry.

“The Turks had at least thirty thousand men, nearly one half of whom were the famous Mameluke cavalry. Kleber, who was an eminent general under Napoleon, ‘had left Nazareth,’ says the historian, ‘with all his troops, in order to make an attack on the Turkish camp; but he was anticipated by the enemy, who advanced to meet him with fifteen thousand cavalry, and as many infantry, as far as the village of Fûleh. Kleber instantly drew up his little army in squares, with the artillery at the angles; and the formation was hardly completed when the immense mass came thundering down, threatening to trample their handful of enemies under their horses’ hoofs. The steady aim and rolling fire of the French veterans brought down the foremost of the assailants, and soon formed a rampart of dead bodies of men and horses; behind this they bravely maintained the unequal combat for six hours, until at length Napoleon, with the cavalry and fresh divisions, arrived on the heights which overlooked the field of battle, and, amidst the multi-

tudes with which it was covered, distinguished his men by the regular volleys which issued from their ranks. He instantly formed his plan. General Letourcq was dispatched with the cavalry and two pieces of artillery against the Mamelukes, who were in reserve near Jenîn. With the remainder he attacked the enemy on the two flanks and rear, while Kleber assumed the offensive in front. The Turks, thus exposed to a concentric fire, fled in utter disorder; and hundreds were mowed down by the grape-shot, as they floundered through the marshy plain. Such was the battle of Mount Tabor, as it is called, in which three thousand French resisted successfully the attacks of ten times their number, during a period of six hours, in an open plain.'"

"That is very interesting," said Harry, as Mr. Percy closed the recital. "But here we are at another town," the villages being small and lying close together.

"This is Shunem, where the prophet Elisha raised the widow's son to life."

"O yes, I have heard that story; our minister preached all about the Shunamite woman a few Sundays before we left home. He told how the woman's son went into the field and was sunstruck, and went home crying, 'My head! my head!' and how he died; and after he died, his mother went to the prophet, who raised him to life. Is this the town where she lived?"

“ It is.”

“ Is the woman’s house standing, or any part of it ? ”

“ No ; that disappeared long ago.”

“ And what village is this we are coming to ? ”

“ Nain.”

“ What ! — where Christ raised the widow’s son ? ” asked Walter.

“ Yes.”

“ What is it about that ? ” asked Harry.

“ Christ was entering the gate of Nain one day. It was then probably a beautiful city. As he was entering, a funeral procession came out, and Christ stepped up to the bier, and told the dead man to rise.”

“ And did he ? ”

“ He did.”

“ That I don’t remember to have read about. Have you, Walter ? ”

“ O yes, a hundred times. His mother was a widow, and this was her only son.”

“ How happy it must have made her.”

“ Yes. But here we are to another village. What is this, father ? ”

“ Endor, where the witch lived.”

“ Can we ride in ? ”

“ Yes.”

They galloped in ; and Mohammed pointed out a cave in which the witch is said to have lived

The cave was between two large rocks, and was overgrown with vines, and looked as if no one had visited it for a long time.

“ Do you believe in witches ? ” asked Harry of Mr. Percy.

“ No.”

“ Then what do you think of this woman’s bringing up the prophet ? ”

“ Think of it ? What do you mean ? ”

“ Was it a cheat, or the real Samuel ? ”

“ The real Samuel, I suppose ; and God allowed the miracle to be wrought to expose Saul and terrify the woman.”

“ Did she expect he would come ? ”

“ No ; for when he did come, she was afraid.”

“ Come, hurry up, boys ! ” shouted Mr. Tenant, who was far in advance of the party. “ On to Nazareth ! ”

Soon they were there ; and found their tents pitched just below the town, which is on the side of a hill, near a fountain, to which all the women of the town come to draw water, as they did in the times of Mary.

As the sun began to decline, Mr. Percy took the two boys into the town. He found the place crowded in between the rocks on the hill-side, the streets narrow but clean, and the town more attractive than any one they had seen in Syria.

“ Here,” said the gentleman, “ Christ spent

his youth, and here he worked at his trade. Every rock and hill, valley and dell, must have been as familiar to him as Cambridge is to you. I wish to take you to what is called the 'Grotto of Annunciation.'

"What is that?" asked Walter.

"The cave in which it is said an angel announced to the Virgin Mary that she should be the mother of Christ."

"I would like to go there."

"There is somewhere else that I would rather go," said Harry.

"Where?"

"To the workshop in which I am told Christ labored."

"We can go to both," replied Mr. Percy.

They were soon at the Latin convent which covers the cave. They passed through the church, where a service was being held, down over fifteen steps into the cave. The chimney, fireplace, and kitchen of the Virgin's subterranean residence were pointed out by a monk who went down with them. The monk told them that the roof of this cave is miraculously suspended in the air; and showed them a pillar which the infidels hacked through to let the roof fall; but, instead of falling, it remained supported by miraculous power. A marble slab in the floor tells where Mary stood when the angel appeared to her.

“Here is an inscription in the floor;—what is it?”

“Read it.”

“I can’t.”

“Let me see. ‘*Verbum caro factum est.*’”

“What is that?”

“Latin.”

“You have studied Latin, and can read it, I suppose.”

“Yes; I have read Latin at the High School, a little.”

“Well, tell me what this means?”

Walter’s answer we will not give, for we suppose some of our young readers are studying the Latin language, and we will let them interpret the sentence.

Leaving the convent, they directed their way to a chapel, said to have been the workshop of Joseph. A part of the wall of the old building remains; the rest is modern. The Latin monks have a service here. When they had looked about, and seen a chapel with a modern look, instead of a carpenter’s shop, as Harry expected to see, the boys turned away quite disappointed.

“Now we will go to the chapel of the *Mensa Christi*.”

“What is that?” asked Harry.

“The ‘Table of Christ,’—a table on which The Lord is said to have eaten with his disciples after his resurrection.”

They did not tarry long, but went to the "Mount of Precipitation," — the hill to which the people on one occasion took Christ to cast him down. They found nothing to show that the hill fixed on by the monks was any more likely to be the real identical hill than any of the other numerous cliffs in the vicinity.

When the boys had seen all these places, and had purchased several little crosses and other trinkets, as *souvenirs* of the place, they went down to the tents, and after dinner, which was not taken until near night, they went and sat by the fountain, and saw the women come down and draw their water and, filling their huge jars, put it upon their heads and march away with it.

"What heads!" exclaimed Walter.

"Yes; I should think their necks would be broken."

"Why don't the men carry the water?"

"It don't seem to be the fashion."

"The men must be very lazy here?"

"They are."

"I am glad it is not so in our country. I should not like to see my mother, or any of our ladies, carrying water on their heads."

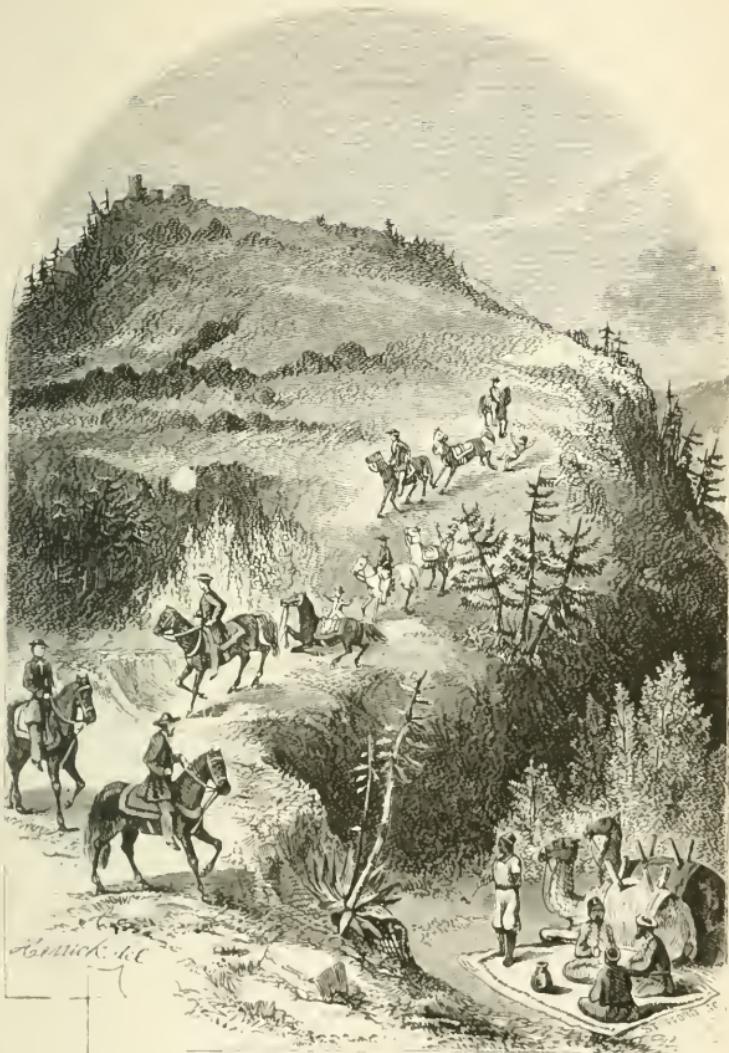
"They could not do it if they tried."

"But these women seem stronger than the men."

"Because they have done more work than the men."

“Come, let us go back to the camp.”

Arm in arm, they walked slowly up from the fountain, like David and Jonathan, conversing about the wonderful person, whose feet once trod the same path, whose eyes looked forth upon the same rocks and hills, and to whom every spot was very familiar and sacred.



ADVENTURES OF LABOR.



CHAPTER VII.

ADVENTURES ON MOUNT TABOR.

THE way northward from the encampment lies by the "Mount of Transfiguration"; and it was determined to ascend that magnificent "mountain apart," before leaving the vicinity. So the next morning, after the breaking up of the camp, the party rode out to Tabor.

"What proof is there, father," asked Walter, as they rode along, "that this is the mountain where Christ was transfigured?"

"The Bible says so,—does it not?"

"No, sir; I don't think it names the mountain."

"True; but it is about the only mountain near where Christ was at the time, that answers the Bible description."

"How long has this been regarded as the place?"

"It is known to have been regarded as the scene of that most wonderful event, as early as the third century."

"But, pa, the guide-book, which I have here,

says this could not have been the mountain, because there was a village on the top of 'Tabor'."

"That I think is no proof. Let me read to you however, what a very excellent authority* says about the fitness of this place for such a transaction, in which the glory of God was revealed in Christ His Incarnate Son:—‘If I hesitate to admit the claims of Tabor to the honor of the Transfiguration, it is not from anything in the mount itself. No more noble or appropriate theatre for such a glorious manifestation could be found or desired. Nor does the fact that there may have been a village on the top at that time present any difficulty. There are many secluded and densely wooded terraces on the north and northeast sides admirably adapted to the scenes of the Transfiguration. I have been delighted to wander through some of them, and certainly regretted that my early faith in this site had been disturbed by prying critics; and, after reading all that they have advanced against the current tradition, I am not fully convinced. You can examine this vexed question at your leisure, and have as good a right to form an independent opinion on it as anybody else; for all that is known about it is found in Matthew xvii., Mark ix., and Luke ix., which you can see at a glance

* W. M. Thompson, D. D., for twenty years missionary in Syria.

contain nothing very decisive against the claims of Tabor. The topographical indications are very uncertain and obscure.'"

"What other mountain do those fix on who reject this?"

"Some one of a ridge of mountains south of Hermon."

They were now toiling up its wooded sides, finding the way hard and difficult. Dr. Forstall was swept from his horse by the branches of the trees, and came very near being hung as Absalom was; and one other member of the party had his horse thrown down in a most dangerous position. But at length they all reached the top, where they found some old ruins of a defence which was cast up by Josephus. An old convent on the mountain is being reconstructed.

The view from the top of Tabor is one of the best in Palestine. The plain of Esdraelon, from which it rises, is five hundred feet above the level of the sea; and Tabor rises to a height of fourteen hundred feet above the plain, nearly seven times as high as the tall obelisk on Bunker Hill, which all the Boston boys look at with so much pleasure and pride. On this high hill they remained an hour, looking upon the glorious prospect. Before they departed, Walter and Harry wanted to go and see some hermits who

lived in the ruins. Walter remembered to have read Hackett's account of these men, and was very anxious to see them. He says:—“ On coming to the top we were surprised at the sudden apparition of four men, who came forward from a recess among the ruins existing there. Oddly enough, two of them had knitting-work in their hands, which they were diligently plying. One of them proved to be a Greek priest, a man of huge stature, and over eighty years old, who had come there, as he said, to spend the remainder of his days. He was a native of Wallachia, and, according to his own account, instead of having applied himself to any stated parochial cure, had spent much of his time in travelling from one country to another. In addition to his journey into the East, he said that he had visited the principal capitals of Europe: naming among them Vienna, Rome, Paris, and London. He professed to be expecting the visible advent of Christ from day to day; though, on being questioned as to this point, he admitted that he was by no means confident that it would occur within his lifetime. He showed me a copy of the Vulgate, well thumbed: an ability to read Latin being an easy acquisition for a person born in Wallachia, inasmuch as the spoken language of that province is a corrupt form of the Latin inherited from the ancient Romans. He said

that it was two years (if my memory serves me) since he had betaken himself to this retreat, and that he had not left the mountain during that time. In answer to my inquiry how he subsisted, he said that he lived chiefly on herbs, cultivated a small garden for the purpose of raising them, and relied, for whatever else he might need, on the Arabs, who, as his modesty allowed him to inform us, regarded him as a great saint. He said that the natives at first were disposed to annoy him, stole his fruit, and refused to bring him supplies; but that, one of them having been smitten with blindness as a punishment for this behavior, they became alarmed, confessed their sin, and after that treated him kindly. He stated this with entire gravity; and added further, that a lock of his hair, or any other object blessed by him, and carried to the sick, had proved again and again the means of their immediate recovery. I was really puzzled to tell whether he had deceived himself, or expected to impose on us. The other three men were natives of the same province. Two of them, having been to Jerusalem and the Jordan on a pilgrimage, had taken Tabor in their way on their return homeward; where, finding unexpectedly the priest, whom they happened to know, they concluded to remain with him for a time. One of them was deliberating whether he should not take up his permanent abode there.

The fourth person was a young man, a relative of the priest, who seemed to have taken on himself the filial office of caring for his aged friend in the last extremity."

Mr. Percy took the boys about; but they were unable to find the hermits among the ruins on the top. Afterwards, while descending the hill, they saw one of them sitting at the mouth of a cave, and he hailed them as they passed along below the cliff on which he had made his home.

Walter met with an adventure on the top of the mountain, which wellnigh proved very serious. He had dismounted and was walking across the level summit, behind a spirited horse on which he rode, when, wishing to quicken the pace of the animal, he struck him a light blow on the legs with a little twig he had in his hand. The horse no sooner felt the twig, than he threw up his heels, and, planting them both in the boy's breast, sent him backward to the earth in the twinkling of an eye. But he bounded to his feet as quickly as he fell, and did not prove to be seriously injured, only his hand being somewhat bruised by the fall, and one of his ribs feeling as if it was broken.

"Are you hurt?" asked Dr. Forestall, riding up.

"Yes, sir, very badly."



THE MISFORTUNE.

“Where? Where?” cried Mr. Allston, jumping from his horse.

“In my feelings,” replied Walter.

“Feelings?”

“Yes, sir; for here I walked all the way up the mountain so as not to overtax the strength of my nag, and, to repay me for it, he has given me this ugly kick. It is almost human ingratitude, and I declare my feelings are hurt,” said the boy, with a laugh.

“Ah, Walter,” said the Doctor, “you do not need medical aid yet, I see.”

“No; nor sympathy.”

Yet, notwithstanding this, Walter suffered considerably; and it is a wonder that his ribs were not broken; but he made the best of it, and did not let anybody know that he felt any pain. He was more careful afterwards not to strike his horse when he was so near his heels. It taught him a needed lesson, on which he improved.

“I tell you what, Walter,” said Harry, as they stood together, looking down on the plain below.

“What do you tell me?”

“Why, that I should like to have been here that day, when the battle was fought between the French and the Turks.”

“I should not.”

“Why not?”

“ Because I should prefer to be farther off.”

“ O no ; this would have been a glorious place to look off on Kleber’s little band, as they mowed down those miserable Turks.”

“ It would have been a good place of observation, indeed, but I should rather not have been here at that time.”

“ Walter, you are a coward.”

“ No, I am not, Harry.”

“ Then why do you want to keep out of danger ? ”

“ That is not cowardice.”

“ What is it ? ”

“ Prudence.”

“ I think it is cowardice when a fellow does not feel willing to be in a place of danger.”

“ If there was any necessity for me to be in a place of danger, I would not shrink. If I was in any trouble, I think I should have presence of mind. You know in that storm on the Mediterranean Sea, how calm I was, and how frightened you were ? ”

“ No, I wasn’t frightened.”

“ Yes, you were, Harry ; you lost your wits.”

“ I tell you I wasn’t frightened.”

“ I will leave it with Mr. Tenant to say if you were not.”

“ Of course, Mr. Tenant will say I was.”

“ Not, if you were not.”

“Well, we won’t quarrel about it, though still I should like to be up here, in time of battle on the plain below.”

“I think you are brave, Harry. I remember how courageous you were when we met those Bedouins, on the way from the Dead Sea. But I don’t want you to call me a coward, because my courage does not run in the same way that yours does.”

“Well, a truce to it now. See, they are on their way down the mountain !”

“So they are. Let us hurry up and not be lost.”

“No fear of that. Mr. Dunnallen always brings up the rear.”

As they were going down the mountain, they met a little group of Bedouin robbers, who called to Mohammed, and asked him who he had with him, and how strong they were, and if he would not betray them. The faithful fellow told the party what the men wanted, and put them on their guard at once ; and no attempt at robbery was made. But no one could doubt their intentions. Mohammed made it an occasion for magnifying his importance in their eyes, saying, very pompously, —

“I am Mohammed Achmet, dragoman, and they won’t hurt you.”

The ride now became a very fine one, and it

was not long before they reached Khan et-Tuj-jâr, or the “Inn of the Merchants.” Here they rested, and took their lunch. They found the Khan filled with wild Bedouins, who cast on them looks of hatred and contempt. The true courage of the boys was here tested. Walter was calm and quiet; not an evidence of fear did he manifest; while Harry was quite troubled at the number and threatening aspect of the Bedouins, whose long lances stuck in the earth, and whose long guns, slung to their shoulders, made them appear like very formidable antagonists. He wanted to go at once, and was scarcely willing to stay there long enough to lunch, persisting that there was danger to the party in that place.

The true test of courage is not always the battle-field. Some who are cowardly when true boldness is needed, will rush to the mouth of the cannon in the excitement of the moment.

We will leave the party sitting on the ground, around a carpet covered with food, while looking at them, as they eat, are more than a score of scowling Bedouins, who would doubtless rob and strip them if they dared to do so.

CHAPTER VIII.

TIBERIUS, AND THE LAKE.

LUNCH was no sooner over than the party were in saddle again, and moving on toward Tiberius. The route taken was that by the wells of Lubieh, where they gave their horses water to drink, and along the base of Hattîn, a mountain with two horns, one of which is supposed to be the Mount of Beatitudes, on which the great sermon was delivered by our Saviour. They did not ascend the hill, but rode around its base.

“What proof is there, father,” asked Walter, “that this is the mount which Christ converted into a pulpit?”

“Not much.”

“What is it, such as it is?”

“Only tradition.”

“Dating how far back?”

“About the fifth century.”

“Hum!”

“On the top of this hill the very place where Christ is said to have stood is shown.”

“Oh, let us go up.”

“No.”

“Why not?”

“The place is so apocryphal that it will not reward us for climbing so high.”

“Apocryphal? What is that?” asked Harry

“Uncertain, unknown.”

“Oh, I do wish we could go up.”

“It is no use. You might as well imagine that the place over which you are riding is the real spot, as to go up and see that. But there is an item of history which you had better hear.”

“What is it?”

“A battle was fought here.”

“By whom?”

“Between the great Saladin and the crusaders, in 1187.”

“Which conquered?” asked Harry.

“Saladin.”

“Please give us the particulars, Mr. Percy.”

“You know that a monk, called ‘Peter the Hermit,’ came on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. He saw that Christians were treated with great severity in the Holy Land, and on his return to Europe stirred up a wonderful enthusiasm which reached all classes of society, and was the means of raising large armies that precipitated themselves upon Asia, to wrest the sepulchre of Christ from the hands of the infidels. The final battle

was fought here between the European armies, that were styled Crusaders, and Saladin."

"How long ago?"

"On the fourth of July, 1187, the two armies met in deadly array. The Moslems occupied this mountain, and the Christians came across the plain. The Cross, high-lifted, was borne by the Christians, and the banners of the Moslems were decorated with the Crescent. Saladin, whose forces far outnumbered the Christians, poured his legions down on his foes, whose thinned ranks gave fearful evidence of the fury of the assault. But the night descended upon an undecided contest, and on the morrow it was renewed. At length, the Cross tottered and fell; the bishop who carried it sank beside it; the brave knights who defended it were piled in heaps all around; and the brave Saladin, rushing forward, bore the Crescent aloft over the heads of the dying Christians. The vengeance then on the Christians was terrible: few of them escaped the devouring sword."

"Oh, what you tell me only makes me more anxious to climb the Horns of Hattin."

But they had no time; and on they went as fast as possible, until they reached the summit of the high hill which looks down on the town of Tiberius. Involuntarily they all stopped and gazed. About as far down as they could see was

the triangular-formed town, and out beyond it were the waters of that lake which witnessed the miracles, heard the preaching, and reflected the glories of the Son of God.

“Splendid!” shouted Harry.

“Charming!” answered Walter.

“Gentlemans,” said Mohammed, driving up his horse, “you see tents over the edge of the town?”

“Yes,” answered several voices.

“Abdalluh there: he have dinner, and fish, and meat.”

“What! fish from the lake?” asked Harry.

“Yes, fish—plenty—plenty.”

“Then let us ride on and get some fish, and a bath besides in that splendid water.”

They were not long in coming to the encampment, where they found no fish and no Abdalluh; but Hassan had prepared a fine dinner, of which they partook with appetites sharpened by a long ride in the broiling sun.

After dinner, Walter and Harry ran down to the lake and were soon swimming about like fishes, and, indeed, with the fishes; for so tame were they, that some of them were unfrighted when the boys plunged in, but swam around not a great distance from them. This lake abounds with fish, and the boys had a fine time in catching some the next morning.

As there is so much said about the Sea Tiberius in the Bible, perhaps the reader would like some description of it. We will give it in nearly the words that Walter wrote in his journal that night.—“The Lake is of volcanic origin, and occupies a basin formed by some fearful convulsion. It is oval in form, thirteen miles long, and six wide. On the east side the banks rise abruptly to a height of two thousand feet. Through the centre flows the river Jordan, coloring the lake-water in the middle almost the whole length. In the times of Christ, ten beautiful cities arose on the western shore, but all but Tiberius have disappeared, and that is in ruins.”

While the boys were in bathing, Mr. Tenant came down and sat on the bank.

“How do you suppose they catch fish in this lake, boys?” he asked.

“I don’t know,” answered Walter.

“With a line or a net,” answered Harry.

“No.”

“With some kind of traps.”

“No.”

“Then I give it up: can’t guess.”

“I will tell you. There are two ways. A man mixes crumbs of bread with corrosive sublimate, and sprinkles it on the water. The fish come and eat it, and die, and are then taken up as they float on the surface.”

“Nonsense!”

“The book says so.”

“But what is corrosive sublimate?”

“Chloride of mercury.”

“I don’t know any better now.”

“Harry, you are incorrigible.”

“Please, Mr. Tenant, use your long words to Walter. He can understand them, or, if he does not, he will write them down in that memorandum of his, and when he gets home he will hunt them up. But I never remember long words.”

“Well, my boy, corrosive sublimate is composed of chlorine and mercury, and is very poisonous.”

“But don’t the people suffer from eating such fish?”

“I don’t know, but presume not. If they did, they would not eat them so.”

“I hope Mohammed will not get any such fish as that for us to eat.”

“No; we will look out for that.”

“Were there not formerly some fishing-boats on this sea?”

“Yes.”

“Where are they now?”

“All gone.”

“But some are left?”

“Only one single boat. We have sent Mohammed to the town to engage it for an excursion to-morrow morning.”

“At what time?”

“Before sunrise.”

“Oh, I can’t get up so early as that.”

“Then we will go without you.”

“No, you won’t,—if I am obliged to sit up all night.”

When the bath had been performed, Mr. Tenant took the two boys for a walk to the famous Warm Baths, which are now falling into ruins. There they saw four warm springs, the water of which had a temperature of 144° Fahr.

“What are these baths good for,” asked Walter.

“For rheumatism.”

“Haven’t got it.”

“For debility.”

“Haven’t got that.”

“For dyspepsia.”

“Nor have I that.”

“Let us taste the water,” said Harry.

The boy took some, found it very salt and sulphury, and could not swallow it. They walked around the Baths, climbed the hill behind them, and got back to the encampment just as it began to grow dark.

There was not one of the company who did not take a camp-stool and sit out in front of the tents, in the evening, watching the varying scenery, and talking over the events which oc-

curred on the spot where they were, in ancient times ; and this evening the others were all out in front of the tents when the trio arrived.

“ Do you see those immense fires, over on the mountains of Moab ? ” asked Mr. Percy of Mr. Tenant, as the latter came up with the boys.

“ Yes ; I have been watching them for some time.”

“ What are they ? ”

“ I don’t know.”

“ They are extraordinary in extent.”

“ They certainly are. Can we not find out **by** Mohammed ? ”

“ Mohammed ! ” called Mr. Percy.

“ What say, sah ? ”

“ Come here one moment.”

The dragoman came quickly.

“ What is wanted, sah ? ”

“ Do you see those fires out yonder ? ”

“ I am Mohammed Achmet. Yes.”

“ What are they ? ”

“ Fires.”

“ Yes, fellow, I know that : but what kind of fires ? ”

“ Burning villages.”

“ How do you know ? ”

“ I am Mohammed Achmet.”

“ That is so. But have you any other **way** of knowing ? ”

“Yes, sah.”

“What way?”

“The people of Tiberius tell me.”

“What do they say about them?”

“They say that two tribes, one of Christians and one of Mussulmans, have been fighting, and the Moslems are burning the Christian village.”

“Is that right?”

“That is the way of our people. I ask no questions.”

“Is there any danger of these village-burners coming this way?”

“No, sah.”

“Why not?”

“They never come over this side of the sea.”

“I should think they would come over,—the distance is so short.”

“No, sah: law on this side, no law on that.”

“Ah!”

The evening was spent, in the light of burning Maronite villages, in conversation about the laws and customs of those who occupy the country that once belonged to the chosen people of God.

The next morning, all were up early and out on the lake. They found the boat a most miserable one, and were glad to get back again to land after an excursion of two hours. On the way, they took down the sail and stopped rowing,—

for it required both sail and oars to get the great, cumbersome, heavy boat through the water,— and allowed the two boys to catch a few fine fish from the lake, which were fried by Hassan for their breakfast. The boating did not pay them for the time and trouble required ; they lost two or three hours that morning, and were obliged to ride while the sun was high. Generally; they rode in the cool of the morning.

An excursion into town after breakfast revealed the same features of degradation and misery that are found in other towns and villages in Syria. They could see all they wished to in a very few minutes, and were glad to hasten away from filth and woe. Many times, as they rode off, they tarried to look at the last of the cities in which the many works of Christ were done, and to mourn that it had so fallen from the high condition it occupied when the Son of God taught in its streets, and when the princes of Judah came to admire its glories.

CHAPTER IX.

A CHARMING RIDE.

“Forward! March!”

“Farewell, Tiberius!”

“On to Capernaum!”

Such were some of the exclamations, as the mounted party, led by Mohammed, commenced a charming ride along the shores of the sea of Galilee. At times they could look down into the clear, transparent water, which seemed to be filled with fish; then through full-blossomed oleanders, that stood higher than the heads of their horses; then along avenues of the cactus; then beneath overhanging cliffs, on the pure, white sand of the sea. Every moment an exclamation of delight would fall from some lip, or a shout of pleasure would be raised by three or four in concert. A few minutes out from Tiberius they came to Beth-arbel, the site of which was marked by a few old ruins, a few columns, and a heap of stones.

“Beth-arbel,” remarked Mr. Percy to his son, “means, the ‘House of Arbel.’”

“Where is it mentioned in Scripture?”

“ Hosea refers to it. He says, ‘ Therefore shall a tumult arise among thy people, and all thy fortresses shall be spoiled, as Shalman spoiled Beth-arbel in the day of battle.’ ”

But Beth-arbel was soon left behind, and the whole company rode beneath the high cliffs known as “ Herod’s Terraces.”

“ You see, boys,” said Mr. Percy, “ that these cliffs are full of caves.”

“ Yes, sir,” answered Walter.

“ What of them ? ” asked Harry.

“ These caves have figured in history considerably. When Josephus had command of the Jews, he fortified them and made them one of the strongest holds in all Syria.”

“ I should think that if these bluffs were fortified they would be very formidable.”

“ They certainly would.”

“ I should suppose that they would become the abodes of hermits.”

“ I don’t know that any hermits have ever lived in them ; but robbers have dwelt in them.”

“ Robbers ? ”

“ Yes ; and when once they get into them, there has been scarcely any way of getting to them.”

“ Are there no paths ? ”

“ No ; but whoever would reach them **must** descend the precipice.”

“ They must be secure retreats, then.”

“Yes. In the time of Herod the Great, the robbers in these caves became so numerous as to demand the attention of the government; and so strong were they, that for a long time they defied the military power.”

“How could they do that?”

“They entered these caves, and none could approach them except in single file, one at a time.”

“How did Herod dislodge them?”

“By a singular process. He lowered men down from the high cliffs above, and they threw themselves upon the robbers, or hurled arrows at them, and destroyed them. In this way the caves were cleared of these dangerous men who had long infested them, and from that time became the abodes of peaceful hermits, who subsisted on the fish of the lake and the berries of the hill.”

Riding by the caves, they struck the pebbly beach, and found an excellent place for bathing.

“Oh, how I should like to jump into that water,” said Walter, as he urged his horse several feet into the sea.

“So should I,” replied his young companion.

“Perhaps we can.”

“No; the party would get so far ahead of us that we should find it difficult to overtake them.”

“I will ask father; perhaps they will stop for us.”

“Drive on, then, and catch him.”

“Father! father!” shouted Walter.

“What now, my son?” said Mr. Percy, wheeling his horse about.

“We want to bathe.”

“Well, why don’t you?”

“Because we are afraid you will all get so far ahead of us that we couldn’t overtake you.”

“We will stop.”

“Oh, good.”

“Some of us may wish to bathe: what say, friends?”

“I say yes,” answered Rector Allston.

“And we all say yes,” answered several others.

So dismounting, and calling Mohammed to take care of their horses, they disrobed and plunged into the beautiful sea of Galilee. The water was clear and cool, and they enjoyed it very much. The boys swam out into the lake, and, diving down, brought up pretty shells, which they distributed among their friends, or packed with their baggage to carry home with them. An hour they enjoyed the delicious luxury, and then, coming out, they dressed themselves and were soon seated on their horses again. Before leaving, however, Walter took an envelope and filled it with the gravel and shells that were on the shore, and kept the memento to remind him

of his cold bath in the lake. They were all invigorated by the bath, for the day was very hot and the air was filled with dust.

The next place to which they came that arrested their attention was a wild glen leading up from the lake into the gorges of the mountains, on each side of which were bare, bold, rough cliffs.

“This is the Vale of Pigeons,” remarked Mr. Percy.

“Of what?” asked Walter.

“Of Pigeons.”

“Why is it so called?”

“On account of the immense number of pigeons that are found in the glen, and which furnish food for the people through the region.”

But they drove by the opening of the glen, and came to a mean, dirty village.

“What is this?” asked one of the boys.

“Magdala,” answered Mr. Tenant, who was riding at his side.

“Magdala — Magdala,” slowly repeated the boy.

“Yes: where Mary lived, out of whom were cast seven devils on one occasion.”

“Oh, I remember.”

“This was her home.”

“What was her other name besides Mary? Was it Magdaleno?”

“ No ; she had no name but Mary, as we know of.”

“ Then why do they call her ‘ Mary Magdalene ’ ? ”

“ Mary Magdalene simply means ‘ Mary of Magdala,’ or ‘ Mary the Magdalene.’ Just as you would say, ‘ Napoleon of France,’ or ‘ Napoleon the Frenchman.’ ”

“ I understand.”

“ Shall we go into the town ? ”

“ Oh, do.”

They rode through Magdala, and found about twenty huts of mud and stone, and in them a few squalid, wretched-looking people. As they emerged from the village, Mr. Tenant told the boys about Mary the Magdalene, about her wicked life, her conversion to Christ, and the honor which she afterward obtained in being permitted to linger with Christ at his cross, and to meet him again so soon after his resurrection.

“ What next do we come to ? ” asked Walter.

“ A place that Christ often used to visit.”

“ Bethsaida ? ”

“ No.”

“ What then ? ”

“ A city in which many of his mighty works were done.”

“ Oh, I know.”

“ Do you ? ”

“ Yes, sir: Capernaum.”

“ Yes; and here it is, just before us.”

“ Where?”

“ Don’t you see it?”

“ No, sir.”

“ These stones over which we are riding are all that remain of once proud, highly-favored Capernaum.”

“ Can it be?”

“ I heard you say,” said Harry, “ that here many of Christ’s mighty works were done. What were they?”

Walter opened a book which he held in his hand, and read as follows: — “ After our Lord had been rejected by his fellow-townspeople at Nazareth, ‘ He came and dwelt in Capernaum’ (Matt. iv. 13), which was thence called ‘ His own city’ (Matt. ix. 1.). Here He healed the demoniac in the synagogue (Mark i. 21-28), cured Peter’s mother-in-law (Luke iv. 38-41), restored the paralytic (Matt. ix. 2-8), called Matthew (*id. ver. 9*), cured the centurion’s servant (Luke vii. 1-10), raised Jairus’s daughter from the dead (Mark v. 22-43), and miraculously obtained the ‘ tribute-money’ from the mouth of a fish (Matt. xvii. 24-27). And near Capernaum He chose His twelve Apostles (Mark iii. 13-19), delivered the ‘ Sermon on the Mount’ (Matt. v.), spoke the parables of the ‘ Sower,

the ‘Tares,’ the ‘Treasure hid in a field,’ the ‘Merchant seeking goodly pearls,’ and the ‘Net cast into the sea’ (Matt. xiii.). In Capernaum He gave a lecture on ‘Fasting’ at ‘Levi’s Feast’ (Matt. ix. 10–17), on ‘Formality’ to the hypocritical Pharisees (Matt. xv. 1–20), on ‘Faith’ to the people in the synagogue (John vi. 22–71), and on ‘Humility,’ ‘Forbearance,’ and ‘Brotherly Love’ to His disciples (Mark ix. 33–50). Well might Christ, after such acts of love and power, and such words of wisdom and mercy, pronounce woe upon the city that had witnessed and heard, and yet rejected. ‘And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shalt be brought down to hell; for if the mighty works which have been done in thee had been done in Sodom, it would have remained unto this day. But I say unto you that it shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom in the day of judgment than for thee.’ (Matt. xi. 23, 24.)”

Harry listened with great interest, and said he should read the account of these things in the Scriptures as soon as he could get an opportunity. The whole party stayed some time at Capernaum. They found an old Khan, or caravansary, known as Khan Minyeh, and some other old ruins, which are all the remains of the once populous city.

A ride of twenty minutes brought them to

another interesting spot — Bethsaida, now called *Et-Tâbighah*. Like the other cities on the shore of the sea, this has gone to ruin, and on its broken fragments a party of Arabs were encamped. One of them came forward and conversed with Mohammed. He was a ferocious-looking character, and the boys did not like the looks of him. He had several pistols and dirks in his *zūnnâr*, or leather girdle, while hung around his *tarbush*, or red fez cap, were a string of human teeth. But he appeared quite harmless, as did his companions.

“Do you know the meaning of the word, Walter?” asked Mr. Allston.

“What word?”

“Bethsaida.”

“No, sir.”

“Do you want to know?”

“O yes, sir. I want to know everything I can about these places and people. What is the meaning of Bethsaida?”

“House of Fish.”

“Ah!”

“Several of the fishermen-disciples of Christ lived here, and Christ often came to see them.”

“What disciples?”

“Peter, and Andrew, James, and John, and some others.”

One other place on the shore of this lake they

visited, and that was Chorazin, which is about two miles from Capernaum. Nothing but the site and a few stones remain to tell where it once stood. The boys had a great many questions to ask about it, and found out everything they could about the city as it once was, and the punishments under which it has come to nought.

Having seen all these places, they rode across the country toward Safed, which will be described in the next chapter. But before leaving the lake, we must give the young reader an incident that occurred during the ride along the shore. While riding from Magdala to Capernaum, a little back from the shore of the lake, they came to a stream, or small river, which was to be forded. They drew off their boots, held up their trousers, and started over. They had scarcely entered when a cry from Harry arrested attention.

“Oh dear, dear!”

“What is the trouble?” asked one or two.

“I have dropped my shoes and stockings.”

And surely he had; and Mohammed was obliged to go back and gather them up, dripping from the water. Walter’s horse would not go in for some minutes, and then he acted in a very wild and frightened manner. But that was not the worst, for, as they came to the middle of the stream, where the water was deepest, Mr. Dunnallen’s horse persisted in tumbling down, which he

did, carrying the gentleman with him ; and there they were both floundering in the water, which was four feet deep. A shout and a laugh greeted this adventure, which was anything but agreeable to the poor gentleman, who was soaked from head to foot. He got his horse up, and, finally mounted with the rest, rode away, bewailing his luck.

At noon they came to Joseph's Khan, an old ruin, with a well in which it is said Joseph was thrown by his brethren. We have shown that it was probably at another place. There is a very large building, going to decay. The building is of modern origin, and forms a rendezvous for robbers, a resting-place and shelter for travellers, and a resort for goats and cows. Here lunch was taken, and, sitting on the stones, the boys devoured their cold chicken and eggs with the sour, repulsive-looking bread which Hajji Mohammed had provided.

“ Let us go up on the walls of this building,” said Harry.

“ I would like to if I thought the folks would not start without us.”

“ Let us venture it.”

“ Well.”

They climbed up to the top of the Khan, from which they looked off upon the country around, and assured their older friends, when they came

down, that they had lost a great view by not going up with them. Indeed, Harry thought he saw much more than he did. His imagination was very active, and in one direction he imagined he saw an Arab encampment, and in another a party of mounted travellers skimming over the plain. But it is doubtful whether he saw either. Walter, who was of cooler temperament, saw nothing but one wide waste of sandy desert, and heard nothing but the hum of the insect breaking the oppressive stillness. On they rode, after they had rested, to Safed.

CHAPTER X.

A CITY ON A HILL.

IT was near night when Safed appeared in view, and the party galloped through the streets to find the encampment in a field of olives and figs beyond. They were now very high up — twenty-five hundred feet above the Sea of Tiberius, where they had camped the night before. They found the town to be one of the most cleanly and pleasant that they had seen. The inhabitants looked tidy and respectable ; and as they were so elevated, the air was clear and the breezes bracing. When they had washed, and exchanged their dusty garments for more comfortable ones, they all gathered upon the grass under the trees, where they conversed until dinner was ready. They were not very regular in their meals. Sometimes they dined at noon, and sometimes not until after sundown. That depended on where they were, and on the convenience of Mohammed.

“ This city is the highest in Palestine, and is seen from a great distance,” said Mr. Percy.

“ Is it an ancient city ? ” asked his son.

“ The present city is not ancient, as the buildings show you.”

“ I see.”

“ It is not mentioned by name in the Bible, but is supposed to have been referred to by Christ in his Sermon on the Mount.”

“ How ? ”

“ You remember that, as he was preaching, he illustrated the importance of a holy man’s letting his light be seen.”

“ Yes, sir.”

“ One illustration used was of a candle. He said, ‘ Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick ; and it giveth light to all that are in the house.’ ”

“ Yes, sir, I remember that. He was showing that good people are the light of the world.”

“ Yes ; and it is supposed, that, as he stood upon Hattin, or the Mount of Beatitudes, his eye fell on Safed, and he pointed, saying, ‘ A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid.’ ”

“ Could he see Safed ? ”

“ Yes. It must have been in view.”

“ I see,” said Walter, “ that many new houses seem to be in ruins, while here and there they are building new houses out of the materials of the old ones.”

“ Yes. A few years ago nearly the whole town was shaken down.”

“Shaken down? How?”

“By an earthquake. I thought you knew that?”

“No, sir.”

“Then I will tell you. In 1837 an earthquake occurred which shook the whole mountain and threw down a large part of the place.”

“Were many killed?”

“A large number perished, among whom were four thousand Jews. The signs of the earthquake will be found all about. The old houses will be found to have seams and cracks in them. The earth will also show seams and rents that were made in its rocky bosom on that day of wrath.”

“Are there many Jews here?”

“Yes, my son, a large number,—more than in any place of its size in Palestine. There was formerly a Jewish printing-press, and a sort of University, but they were destroyed by the earthquake.”

“Then, I suppose, there are synagogues here?”

“Several, I think. The building that you see down there in that long street I suppose to be a synagogue. Do you wish to go into one?”

“O yes, sir.”

“Then after dinner we will go down and see if we can find any of them open.”

“Shall I go too?” asked Harry.

“Yes, if you wish.”

“Mr. Percy, you are so eager to instruct the

boys, that you are losing this wonderful view we are taking."

Thus called, attention was paid to the prospect which lay spread out before them. And it was beautiful, indeed ; and they enjoyed it for a long time until dinner was announced.

When the repast was over, Mr. Percy took the two boys and went into the town ; and coming to a building which looked like a synagogue, they entered and found that they were not mistaken. The boys at once took off their hats, but a dozen men sprang at them, and they were obliged to put them on. Walter thought it was very curious that, in a sanctuary of worship, he should be requested to keep his hat on.

" What are they doing ? "

" Reading the Scriptures."

" What, all together ? "

" Yes."

" I cannot understand a word."

" They are reading it in Hebrew."

" Oh ! "

" That explains why you couldn't understand ; and perhaps you would not if they read in English, for they all jabber together."

" Is this worship ? "

" It is to them ; it would not be to us."

Walter could not understand why they all read in concert, with a peculiar swinging motion of

the body, nor why they wanted him to keep his hat on. If any little Jewish boy reads this page, perhaps he will know without being told. Walter observed that the women were shut out of the main room, but some were looking through a railing in the rear of the synagogue, and seemed to take no part in the service. Most of the men had on turbans, and wore the long, loose *jibbeh*, or flowing mantle, which gives such peculiar grace to the Orientals. Walter noticed that they were arrayed very much more like the Moslems than any other Jews he had seen.

"Are these Jews very strict in their religion?" he asked of his father when they were in the street again.

"They are very superstitious. Dr. Thompson gives an illustration of their absurd notions in relation to the Sabbath day, in the observance of which they are very strict:—'A Jew must not carry on the Sabbath even so much as a pocket-handkerchief, except within the walls of his city. If there are no walls, it follows, according to their perverse logic, that he must not carry it at all. To avoid this difficulty here in Safed, they resort to what they call *Eruv*. Poles are set up at the ends of the streets, and strings stretched from one to the other. This string represents a wall, and a conscientious Jew may carry his handkerchief anywhere within these strings. I was

once amused by a devout Israelite, who was walking with me, on his Sabbath, toward that grove of olive-trees on the north of the town where my tent was pitched. When we came to the end of the street the string *was gone*, and so, by another fiction, he supposed he was at liberty to go on without reference to what was in his pocket, because he *had not passed the wall*. The last time I was here they had abandoned this absurdity, probably to avoid the constant ridicule it brought upon them. A profane and most quarrelsome fellow once handed me his watch to wind just after sunset on Friday evening. It was now his Sabbath, and he could not work. Thus they still tithe mint, and anise, and cummin, and teach for doctrines the commandments of men, making void the law of God by their traditions. It was such perverse traditions as these that our Lord rebuked when he declared that the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath.’’

“ But, father, was the earthquake felt only in Safed ? ”

“ No ; it was felt at Beyroot ; did much damage at Tyre and Sidon ; shook down many houses in Tiberius ; but nowhere was it felt so severely as here. Six hundred persons perished at Tiberius. At the village of Jish, every house was thrown down. One hundred and thirty-five persons

were in one church, and all perished but a priest, who was saved by the projection of an arch."

"How awful such destruction must have been!"

"Truly terrible. The earthquake came with no forerunner, except that for a day or two a pale, murky haze had darkened the sun, and imparted a gloominess to everything. The first that the people of Safed knew of it, their houses began to rock, and seams in the walls burst open, and, with wild cries of '*Hezzy! Hezzy!*' they sought to escape."

"What does that word mean?"

"What word?"

"*Hezzy.*"

"Earthquake."

"How many people escaped here?"

"I do not know. Some got out before their houses tumbled down. Others were buried in the ruins and perished there. Some were half buried, and, with their legs crushed, were unable to extricate themselves. The confusion must have been dreadful:—husbands searching for wives; wives looking for husbands; children trying to find their parents; wails of woe sounding far and wide, and everything calculated to make the whole scene hideous beyond description."

"Are we not now in the Jews' quarter?"

“ Yes.”

“ And are there new houses standing where those stood which were thrown down ? ”

“ Yes ; and you will observe that a part of the stones seem new, and a part look old. That is accounted for by the fact that some of them were worked in as they were, while it was necessary to hew others.”

“ Oh, I wish we could hear an account from some one who saw it.”

“ You can have the satisfaction of reading such an account.”

“ Oh, can I ? ”

“ Yes ; Mr. Dunnallen has an account written by a veteran missionary of the American Board.”

“ Was he here ? ”

“ Yes. He came with assistance from friends at Beyroot. When we get home to the tents, we will read it.”

They were not long in reaching the encampment. Some of the party had gone into town, others were lounging on the grass. Mr. Dunnallen sat at the door of his tent, with his feet upon a camp-stool, reading. Walter ran up to him.

“ Oh, Mr. Dunnallen, father says you have a book written by a missionary who saw the destruction of houses at Safed,— who came here a few days after the earthquake.”

“Yes; I hold the book in my hand.”

“Will you read his account of the earthquake?”

“The missionary was not here when the earthquake occurred, but came here soon after with —”

“Oh, yes, I know that.”

“If you want me to read the account, I will; I have read it once to the gentlemen since you have been gone. Come here, Harry, and listen.” Harry drew near; Walter stood leaning against Mr. Dunnallen’s knee, while that gentleman read as follows:—“We came first to the Jewish half of the town, which contained about four thousand inhabitants two years before when I was there, and seemed like a busy hive of Israelites; now not a house remained standing. The town was built, as its successor is, upon the side of the mountain, which is so steep that the roofs of the houses below formed the street for those above; when therefore the shock dashed all to the ground, the highest fell on the next below, that upon the third, and so on to the bottom, burying each successive row of houses deeper and deeper under accumulated masses of rubbish. From this cause it happened that many who were not instantaneously killed perished before they could be rescued, and others were rescued five, six, and even seven days after the earthquake, still alive.

A friend of mine told me that he found his wife dead, with one child under her arm, and the babe with the nipple in its mouth : it had died of hunger, trying to draw life from its dead mother. Parents heard their little ones crying ‘Papa !’ ‘Mamma !’ fainter and fainter, until hushed in death, while they were struggling to free themselves, or laboring with desperate energy to throw off the fallen rocks and timber from their dying children. O God of mercy ! my heart even now sickens at the thought of that long black winter’s night, which closed around the wretched remnants of Safed in half an hour after the overthrow : without a light or possibility of getting one, four fifths of the population under the ruins, dead or dying, with frightful groans, and shrieks of agony and despair, and the earth trembling and shaking all the while, as if affrighted at the horrible desolation she had wrought !

“ Most hideous spectacle ; may I never see its like ! Nothing met the eye but a vast chaos of stone and earth, timber and boards, tables, chairs, beds, clothing, and every kind of household furniture, mingled in horrible confusion ; men everywhere at work, worn out and woe-begone, uncovering their houses in search of the mangled bodies of lifeless friends, while here and there were companies of two or three each, bearing away a dreadful load of corruption to the tomb. I

covered my face, and passed on through the wretched remnants of Safed. Some were weeping in despair, others laughing in callousness still more distressing ; here an old man sat alone on the wreck of his once crowded house ; there a child at play, too young to realize that it had neither father nor mother, nor relative of any name in the wide, wide world. They crowded round us with loud lamentations, as if kindness unsealed the floodgates of their sorrow, — husbands without wives, wives without husbands, parents childless, and children without parents ; and not a few left the solitary remnants of large families. The people were scattered abroad above and below the ruins, in tents of old boards, old carpets, mats, brush, and earth, while some poor creatures, wounded and bruised, were left among the tottering walls, exposed to a horrible death from the loose and falling stones above them.

“ As soon as our tent was pitched and our medicines and stores opened, we set out to visit the sufferers. But I have no heart to recall the sights and scenes of that morning : bodies crushed and swollen out of all human shape, and in every stage of mortification, dying hourly without hope of relief. They were crowded into old vaults, where the air was tainted beyond endurance. Very soon we returned, and commenced arrangements to erect a temporary hospital, with-

out which it was useless to attempt anything for the sufferers. On this we all labored incessantly, and by the nineteenth it was ready for their reception. Having collected them in it, and distributed medicines and clean bandages in abundance, we placed them under the care of a native doctor hired for the purpose, and then left for Tiberias."

The boys had scarcely breathed while the account was being read, and when Mr. Dunnallen closed the book and looked up, Walter drew a long sigh.

"Oh, dear," he said, "it does not seem possible that the scenes described took place right around here!"

"Who knows," said Harry, "but the tent of the missionary was on the very spot where ours are pitched?"

"More than probable it was, for this is the common camp-ground of strangers."

The night passed away very pleasantly, and when the morning came, they all felt more refreshed than they had any morning since they had been in the country. No barking dog or braying donkey disturbed their slumbers; no crowd of curious people intruded upon them an hour or two before day, as was the case in some places, especially at Nabulous. The air was cool, and the breezes that swept over the mountains very refreshing; and Walter told Harry in the morning

that he had "slept three nights' worth" in one. Long before the rest of the party were up, the two boys had been up to the old fortification which frowns over the town as if it was a garrisoned fortress.

"I don't want to leave here," Walter said to his father at the breakfast-table.

"Why not?"

"Oh, it is so delightful!"

"You can stay, and we can go on."

"You don't mean so?"

"You can board with some of these Jews a week, and come on and meet us at Beyroot."

"No, no, I don't do that, even for a stay on this charming mountain."

"Then get ready to start on."

"Ay, ay, sir."

And Walter was ready as soon as any of the other gentlemen, his horse ready to start when Mohammed should give the command — "Forward!"

CHAPTER XI.

THE YOUNG CHIEF AT TIBNIN.

ON passing out of Safed, the effects of the monstrous earthquake of 1837 were apparent. Seams in the earth, extinct craters, volcanic pools, were found, showing how fierce and terrible the convulsion had been. As they rode across these places, Walter and Harry got on either side of Dr. Forestall, in order, as they said, to have a good talk.

“What about?” asked the worthy Doctor.

“Earthquakes,” answered Harry.

“Volcanoes,” replied Walter.

“What do you want to know about them?”

“Why, anything,” said Walter. “Why is an eruption called a volcano?”

“From *Vulcanus*, the god of fire.”

“What are the prominent volcanoes?” asked Harry.

“I know that,” said Walter.

“Then tell me.”

“Vesuvius, Etna, Hecla, and —”

“You have seen Vesuvius, have you not, Walter?”

“ Yes.”

“ What did it look like ? ”

Walter described to him his visit to Vesuvius some years before, told him all he knew about the different eruptions and the burial of Herculaneum and Pompeii, and interested him very much with the recital of his adventures in climbing up the sharp cone on the rocks, and coming down in the ashes on the other side.

Then Dr. Forestall entered into a conversation on the subject, and gave the boys much valuable information. He recited to them the various theories on which earthquakes are accounted for, and gave them the titles of some books that they could read after their return to America.

“ It is fortunate,” said Harry, “ that we do not have earthquakes in America.”

“ We do.”

“ I never felt one.”

“ Perhaps not ; but in some parts of our continent they are terribly severe. In Central America they are obliged to build the houses very low, and with very strong walls, lest they be shaken down. In Mexico a very severe earthquake occurred in 1858, which demolished many dwellings.”

“ But we don’t have them. ”

“ Shocks have been felt in New England, but not very severe ones.”

“Our houses would soon tumble down if a great earthquake should occur there.”

“Yes; built so high, they would soon come crashing down if the earth was much convulsed.”

“I am glad we are without them, since I have seen the desolations that have been made at Safed. But I am told that earthquakes often form lakes where none were before.”

“Yes.”

“Can you tell me of any?”

“Certainly. There are several volcanic lakes; but one of the most remarkable instances of this kind occurred at Lisbon, in 1755. The people crowded to one section of the city, which sank beneath them, drawing down the houses and the ships in the harbor, and the tide rolled six hundred feet deep where the quay had been an hour before.”

“Where did the ships and houses go to?”

“The earth opened by a sudden convulsion, and let them down into its rocky ribs, and then, crashing together, held them fast.”

“Oh, fearful!”

“A country may be volcanic for ages, and then there may be an intermission for ages. Some parts of our country which are now stable give evidence of having been, in ages past, volcanic.”

We have not time to go into the theories of

earthquakes and volcanoes, though if the reader desires to study the subject, he will find many valuable treatises on this interesting subject, which, though they will not be fully comprehended by those for whom this volume is designed, will well repay the perusal.

This conversation had brought the party to El-Jish, a city once fortified by Josephus, and known anciently as Gis-cala. They stopped only long enough to examine some of the effects of the earthquake, which were as visible as at Safed.

Shortly after leaving El-Jish, the party had an adventure which at first promised to be a serious one. They were riding round the base of a hill, and were somewhat scattered, three or four of the party being a mile or more in advance of the others. Mr. Bradley was ahead, and the two boys came after; then Mr. Tenant a quarter of a mile in the rear, and the others still farther off. Mr. Bradley was riding leisurely along, out of sight of the main body of travellers, when a half-dozen Arabs, armed to the teeth, sprang out of the wheat growing by the roadside, where they had been concealed, and leaped over into the road. One of them grasped the bridle of his horse, and demanded *backshish*. His manner was very savage and insulting, and his tones fierce and peremptory. Others stood with their

long guns in their hands, ready for action. Mr. Bradley, being a very quiet man, laughed at them ; but the fellow shook his bridle, and commanded him in Arabic to dismount. The boys drew back a little frightened. Mr. Tenant, who was in sight, seeing that there was trouble, spurred his horse into a gallop, and soon came up. The Arabs became more boisterous, but did not offer violence, their object being robbery, and they supposed they had time enough. Mr. Percy now appeared in sight, and he, too, comprehending the danger at once, was soon on the spot. Still the Arabs did not seem to be afraid, as they were well armed, and outnumbered the advance of the travellers. But a moment more lost in parleying changed the whole aspect of the affair. The main body, headed by Mohammed, came in sight, and soon the Bedouins found that they must abandon their prize. The travellers were all armed, and their glistening revolvers, some of them in hand ready for use, told the robbers that they were to meet with desperate resistance. The man let go his hold of Mr. Bradley's horse, and Mohammed, who was very brave when he had force enough, said, very earnestly,—

“They want to rob you, and take *backshish* from you, but we too many for them, and now I take *backshish* of them.” Leaping over into the

field to which the Bedouins had retired, he made his demand of them, while Abdalluh and the mulemen brought their long guns to bear on the hostile party. The robbers were frightened, and soon gave Mohammed several chickens and some bread, and he came away with his booty.

“ You ought not to rob them,” said Mr. Percy.

“ Me ? ”

“ Yes, you.”

“ I rob them then ? ”

“ Yes.”

“ I no rob them.”

“ But did not you take their fowls and bread ? ”

“ Yes.”

“ And is not that robbery ? ”

“ No.”

“ Why not, if you took the articles ? ”

“ I am Mohammed Achmet, dragoman, and I no rob.”

“ But you have got their food.”

“ Yes.”

“ Well, what is that if it is not robbery ? ”

“ I explain to you. They come to demand *backshish* of you ? ”

“ Yes.”

“ Then they think to take *backshish* is right.”

“ Well ? ”

“ If they think to take *backshish* is right, and come to rob you, then it is right for me to take

their fowls and bread. That's right; that is Arab law."

"Then, you think, if they make robbery a business, it is not wrong to rob from them?"

"No, sah."

"Singular morality, Mohammed!"

"Now, Mr. Percy, my gentleman, see here,—look."

"Well."

"Here is these chickens, and the bread." N

"I see them."

"They were the Bedouins' once; now they are mine: that is law."

"Ah, Mohammed, you are a strange fellow."

"Yes, very strange; I am Mohammed Achmet, dragonian."

At Bint Jebeil, a rude village, they stopped to rest, while Abdalluh, with the tents and baggage, hurried on. The day was warm, and the sun poured down on them with great intensity, and they were glad to get under some shade-trees to escape the scorching beams. There was nothing to see in the village, and they preferred rest to mingling with the filthy, dirty inhabitants.

At dusk they arrived at Tibnin. They found the tents pitched and the camp in confusion. They knew something was the matter as soon as they came in sight.

"What's the trouble?" asked Mr. Tenant,

riding up to Abdalluh, who was very much excited.

“ Hallile hurt.”

“ How ? ”

“ Fell from de mule.”

“ What made him fall ? ”

“ He sleep.”

“ Had he been drinking ? ”

“ No ; sun hurt his head, and he sleep.”

“ Is he hurt much ? ”

“ Yes, — no, — very much, — not much.”

“ Where is he ? ”

“ In de tent.”

They went in where Hallile was, and found the poor Nubian stretched on a mattress, groaning piteously. Dr. Forestall at once threw off his coat, and began to feel the poor fellow's ribs and limbs, and found none of them broken. He then asked Hallile to rise, and, on his doing so, it was found that he had turned his ankle, and afterward had fainted once or twice from the injury. The Doctor applied such remedies as were at hand, the faithful servant muttering his thanks all the time most profusely.

“ Hallile thank Dr. Forestall,” he said.

“ I am glad to help you, Hallile,” said the Doctor.

“ Yes, help Hallile ; and then the poor man would faint.

The boys came to the door of the tent and looked in, and the tears came into Walter's eyes as he saw the suffering creature lying there moaning and fainting.

"I didn't know I should get to love that black so well," he said.

"Love him?" said Harry.

"Yes."

"I like Hallile, but I don't love him."

"I don't think there is much difference, Harry, in my *loving* him and your *liking* him; for I saw you weep while his ankle was being bandaged."

"I think he will be better soon."

"So do I."

And he was better soon, though lame for some time afterward. In his fall he had bruised himself considerably, and was a forlorn-looking object; but under the medical care of Dr. Forestall he was soon ready for work again.

They hardly had time to look around and see where they were until after dinner, when they found that they were encamped on a beautiful plateau at the foot of a mountain, which was crowned by a fine-looking fortress. The historic account of the castle and its occupant is this:— "The castle stands on an isolated peak in the centre of an undulating, cultivated region, and round its base is clustered the large village.

A distinguished Metâwileh family, called the House of 'Aly es-Sughîr,' now occupy the stronghold, and rejoice in a pedigree that would put even a Highland chieftain to shame. The fortress was founded on the ruins of a more ancient one, in A. D. 1107, by Hugh of St. Omer, a crusading knight, then lord of Tiberias; and was named *Toron*. It continued for eighty years in the hands of the family, and was then captured by Saladin after a siege of six days. Ten years afterwards it was assualted by the Christians under the Duke of Brabant; but after a four weeks' investment, when it was just on the point of surrendering, dissensions among the besiegers compelled them to abandon it. The castle commands a splendid view over the surrounding hills; Kul'at esh-Shukif and Hermon form the most striking features."

While they sat looking around, they saw, coming down the opening towards the camp, a dozen women.

"Who are they, Mohammed?" asked some one.

"They persons who sell things."

"What have they for sale?"

"I don't know, but think."

"What do you think?"

"I am Mohammed Achmet, and I think they sell batter and cheese, you call it."

“ Ah, we have not had these luxuries for a long time. Buy some.”

“ Yes, sah.”

The women now reached the camp, and displayed their goods. One had some of the cloth of the country, and others had what they sold for butter and cheese.

“ Where is the cheese ? ” asked Mr. Tenant.

“ Here it is.”

“ Where ? ”

“ Here.”

The girl held up a dozen little white rolls on a stick, or rather they had been white, but were covered with dirt and flies.

“ Ough ! ”

“ Will you buy some, Mr. Tenant ? ” asked Mohammed.

“ No.”

“ Shall I ? ”

“ No ; the sight makes me sick.”

“ Good cheese, very good cheese, very good.”

“ Where is the butter ? ”

“ In that bucket.”

“ Open it.”

Mohammed opened the bucket, and found a few quarts of white fluid, about as thick as white paste.

“ This is butter ? ” inquiringly said Mr. Tenant.

“ Yes,” replied the dragoman.

“ Then don’t buy any.”

“ Why not ? ”

“ Because we shall not eat it.”

“ Not eat it ! — butter very good, plenty good.”

“ Tell the women that we do not wish any of their articles. Give them a little *backshish* and send them away.”

Mohammed could not see why the party did not wish butter and cheese, though doubtless he was glad of it, for it saved him so much expense.

The women had scarcely gone when an Arab dashed up to the tent, his horse covered with foam, and held a few minutes’ conversation with Mohammed, who treated him with the greatest respect. Mounting his horse again, he rode away as hastily as he came.

“ Who was that, Mohammed ? ” asked one.

“ Abel-el-Atti,” said the dragoman, solemnly.

“ Who is he ? ”

“ Servant of the Great Chief that lives on the hill.”

“ What did he want ? ”

“ He want nothing.”

“ What did he come down for in such haste ? ”

“ To tell me that his lord was about to visit the camp.”

“ Who is his master ? ”

“ Him that lives on the hill.”

“ So I supposed ; but what is his name--**the** master’s, I mean ? ”

The dragoman turned on his heel and walked away without deigning an answer. The idea of the visit he was to receive crowded out all other thoughts.

“ Well, well,” said the gentleman, “ Hajji Mohammed is putting on airs.”

The rest of the party laughed at the dragoman’s assumption of dignity.

About an hour afterward, Mohammed Bey, son of the nobleman on the hill, made his appearance, mounted upon a fine Arabian steed, and accompanied by a number of his retainers. The young man was about twenty-five years old, and came forward in a very courteous and graceful manner. He told the strangers that his father was away from home, but his mother was at the castle and had sent him down to represent the family. He inquired the rank and station of the party, their object in visiting Palestine, and invited them to share the hospitalities of the castle. He was so urgent in this that some of the party said, “ Let us go up.” But Mr. Tenant said he would not.

“ The rest of you may go, but I shall stay in the tent.”

His determination influenced the others, and the invitation was declined. The young man

seemed to be sorry to take back a negative reply. Finding they would not go, he gave them some specimens of Arabian horsemanship, which delighted all the party. His steed showed herself to be capable of great speed, and the rider evinced the greatest skill in the equestrian art. When he had sufficiently showed himself and his followers, he came back to the tents. He had evidently taken a special fancy to Mr. Bradley, whom he supposed to be the chief man of the company. As they sat there, the young prince spoke to Mohammed.

“What does he say?” asked Mr. Bradley.

“He say he give you this horse.”

“Give him?”

“Yes: that is Arab hospitality.”

“But he surely does not mean to give me that fine horse?”

“Yes.”

“What is he worth?”

“Two thousand pounds.”

“Whew!”

“Will you take him?”

“He does not mean it.”

“He does, Mr. Bradley,” persisted Mohammed.

“You don’t understand it, friend Bradley,” said Mr. Percy.

“Yes, I do. He offers me this horse as a pres-

ent, and of course I am to make him a present of double the amount of his value."

"Ah, you do understand."

"Very much," said Mr. Allston; "as a woman who makes her husband a New Year's present out of his own purse, and then expects him to pay her by a present of ten times the value."

"If Minnie were here," replied Mr. Tenant, "she would say that was a libel."

"Oh, I wish I could see her," said Walter, enthusiastic at the sound of his sister's name.

The young prince finding that Mr. Bradley did not want his horse, and that he was not likely to make anything out of the party, went away, and retiring some distance from the camp, spread his blanket on the earth and went through all the genuflections of the Moslem worship; after which he rode rapidly up to the castle.

"It seems to me," Mr. Tenant, "that you were unusually decided against going to the castle," said Mr. Percy.

"I was determined not to go, whatever the rest might have done."

"Why were you so decided about it?"

"I have read something about this castle."

"What?" asked Harry. "Is there any danger of going there?"

"No danger at all."

“Then what have you read? Are there any trap-doors, sliding pannels, or ghosts?”

“Oh no, nothing of that; but reach me that red-covered book there.”

Walter handed the book, and Mr. Tenant, turning to a certain page, told him to read

“Read aloud,” said Harry.

“Tell us what it is before you begin,” said some one.

“Oh,” answered Mr. Tenant, “it is an account of a visit to this castle, written by one whom we have often consulted during our journey. The old Bey sent down for him just as the young Bey has come down for us. He went; and Walter will read his experience.” The boy read this:—
“The old Beg received me with the utmost politeness, descended from his divan, kissed me on both cheeks, and insisted on my sharing his elevated seat. To the best of my knowledge, it was the first time I ever saw him, but he insisted that he had been at my house in Beyroot some fifteen years before, and that I had done him a very important service by speaking a word in his behalf in the right quarter. It may have been so. At any rate, he was as kind as he knew how to be; gave me a Metāwely dinner, and kept me up till late, talking about all sorts of topics before a full divan of his relatives and retainers, and

then had my bed spread on the same divan. According to *court* etiquette at Tibnin, the ladies of my party had their own apartment, and, after being served with dinner, they called on the great *sit*, or lady of the Beg, whose apartments were in another section of the castle. It would be tedious to detail all they saw and heard ; but they were much pleased with some of the 'harem,' who appeared modest, lady-like, and pretty. Others, however, were coarse and ill-bred enough. I was greatly disappointed in the Beg. His conversation was incessant, loud, and often utterly absurd. We fell at last into a rambling and useless discussion about religion, in which Mahomet's character and prophetic claims were handled rudely enough, to the great scandal of the dervishes present ; and at midnight I was glad to break up the divan and try to sleep, — no easy task, or, rather, it was impossible. The visitors had filled the divan with fleas ; and the wind, which began to blow hard before we left our tents, proved to be one of those siroccos which make all sorts of vermin doubly active and man excessively nervous. The whole night was passed in fruitless skirmishes with these contemptible enemies, and the suffocating wind whistled and piped most doleful tunes through every chink and cranny of the old castle. The

ladies had fared even worse than myself, and the morning found us dejected, *headachy*, and quite discouraged.'

"I am glad we did not go," said Harry as Walter closed the reading.

"This writer says *Beg*, father; and you called it *Bey*."

"Yes. This means the same thing."

Talking about this Bey and his family and fortress, they sat until a late hour in the evening, and then went to rest.

In the morning they rose early and went up to the castle, paid their respects to the young Bey, and retired a little after sunrise to the camp. That morning they all suffered with the cold. Walter's thermometer stood at 34° two hours after sunrise, and not one of the company but wanted more clothing than he could get.

"Extraordinary weather!" said Dr. Fores-tall.

"I came expecting hot weather," answered Mr. Allston.

"We have had no warm weather that has continued a whole day at a time since we have been in the country," said another.

And conversing about the weather, the scenery, the fortress, the House of Aly-es-Sughîr, they took

breakfast, packed their luggage, broke up camp, and mounted, riding down the Wady Habis in gallant style, Mohammed and Abdalluh ahead, and Harry and Walter following close behind. Some were lost in admiration of the scenery, and some were thinking of **HOME**.

CHAPTER XII.

SITTING ON THE ROCKS AT TYRE.

A LEISURE ride of six hours brings the traveller from Tibnin within sight of Tyre. After riding over dirty roads, and beneath a burning sky, it is very pleasant to look upon the sea ; and so our party felt as the blue Mediterranean broke upon their view.

“ I presume we shall here leave our horses and go by boat to Beyroot.”

“ Shall we ? — then I shall be glad.”

“ Yes ; we have been on horseback long enough to satisfy me.”

“ I am not tired of riding, father ; but having been in the saddle a month, I think another mode of conveyance would not come amiss.”

“ During all this time our party has not had one case of sickness, nor any serious accident.”

“ I know it.”

“ And, on the other hand, we have had striking escapes from danger of various kinds.”

“ I have thought of that.”

“ Do you not think you should be very grateful to God for his kindness to you so far ? ”

“ Oh yes, pa, I am grateful.”

“ Do you thank him ? ”

“ There has not been a night or a morning since we left Boston that I have not thanked him on my bended knees.”

“ That is well. You never can estimate God’s grace and goodness to you.”

“ I frequently think of that ; and I often remember the lines said to have been written by a maniac on the wall of his cell.”

“ What were they ? ”

“ Lines which mother taught me many years ago, and which I have never forgotten. They run thus : —

“ Could I with ink the ocean fill,
Were the whole earth of parchment made,
And every single stick a quill,
And every man a scribe by trade, —
To write the love of God alone
Would drain the ocean dry ;
Nor would the scroll contain the whole,
Though stretched from sky to sky.”

“ The man who wrote that must have had a grand conception of God’s love. But God loved him no more than he loves you ; and that man was under no more obligation to be faithful than you.”

“ I am sure of that, pa.”

“ I have been glad to see that you have had a

respect for the Sabbath, and a disposition to think on the religious meaning of our tour. I have also observed with pleasure that you have read your Bible every day."

"How did you know that?"

"I have noticed it from the first, and have watched you to see if you read it daily."

"Oh, sir, I could not get along without reading a verse at least every day. I would give up any book before the Bible."

Then Walter took out his little pocket Bible which his father had had bound for him in a peculiar manner, and held it up, saying,—

"This little book I'd rather own
Than all the gold and gems
That e'er in monarchs' coffers shone,
Or all their diadems.

"Yes! were the seas one chrysolite,
The earth one golden ball,
And diamonds, too, the stars of night,
This book were worth them all."

Mr. Percy commended his son for his reverence and love for the blessed volume, and talked about it until they arrived at an immense limestone sarcophagus.

"What is this?" asked Harry.

"The tomb of Hirom."

"Who was Hirom?"

“And I should like to know too?” said Walter, coming up.

“He was king of Tyre, and lived in the days of David and Solomon. He was on the most friendly terms with those monarchs, sent ambassadors to their courts, and when the latter built the Temple, Hirom sent timber, stones, and workmen for the edifice. A correspondence between Hirom and Solomon was said to have been in existence as late as the times of Josephus.”

“Then we will look at this ugly structure closer.”

The sarcophagus was hewn out of a single block of limestone, twelve feet long, eight feet wide, and six feet high, and rested on a base ten feet high. Tradition for ages past has affirmed this to be the tomb of Solomon’s friend and ally who brought Tyre to great magnificence.

“When was Tyre founded?” asked Walter of his father.

“No one knows.”

“Is there no record?”

“No; but Joshua mentions the city in his day.”

“Then it must have been very ancient.”

“Yes; but, on account of the sins of its people, God declared that it should come to nought and its great magnificence pass away.”

“And that has been fulfilled?”

“Yes.”

“ I suppose Hirom was a good man.”

“ Yes ; compared with other kings of his time, he was. But let me tell you about him.”

“ I should like to hear.”

“ Solomon and Hirom were friends, as I have told you, and they were accustomed to send to each other riddles.”

“ Riddles ! did you say ? ”

“ Yes ; and if the one to whom they were sent could not solve them, he was to forfeit a large sum of money.”

“ A sort of game of chance ! ”

“ Yes.”

“ Was Hirom wise as Solomon ? ”

“ No ; but he had a subject who was very shrewd at solving the riddles, so that he got much money out of Solomon.”

“ Was that so, or only a tradition ? ”

“ Josephus tells us of it.”

“ I have read Josephus, but don’t remember that.”

“ Yes ; here is what he says ” :— “ There are records among the Tyrians, that take in the history of many years ; and these are public writings, and are kept with great exactness, and include accounts of the facts done among them, and such as concern their transactions with other nations also,— those I mean which were worth remembering. Therein it was recorded, that the Temple

was built by king Solomon at Jerusalem, one hundred forty-three years and eight months before the Tyrians built Carthage ; and in their annals the building of our Temple is related ; for Hirom, the king of Tyre, was the friend of Solomon, our king, and had such friendship transmitted down to him from his forefathers. He thereupon was ambitious to contribute to the splendor of this edifice of Solomon's, and made him a present of one hundred and twenty talents of gold. He also cut down the most excellent timber out of that mountain which is called Libanus, and sent it to him for adorning the roof. Solomon also not only made him many other presents, by way of requital, but gave him a country, in Galilee also, that was called Chabulon. But there was another passion, a philosophic inclination of theirs, which cemented the friendship that was betwixt them ; for they sent mutual problems to one another, with a desire to have them unriddled by each other ; wherein Solomon was superior to Hirom, as he was wiser than he in other respects : and many of the epistles that passed between them are still preserved among the Tyrians. Now that this may not depend on my bare word, I will produce for a witness Dius, one that is believed to have written the Phœnician history after an accurate manner. This Dius, therefore, writes thus, in his history

of the Phoenicians: 'Upon the death of Abibalus, his son Hirom took the kingdom. This king raised banks at the eastern parts of the city, and enlarged it; he also joined the temple of Jupiter Olympius, which stood before on an island by itself, to the city, by raising a causeway between them, and adorned that temple with donations of gold. He moreover went up to Libanus, and had timber cut down for the building of temples. They say, further, that Solomon, when he was king of Jerusalem, sent problems to Hirom to be solved, and desired he would send others back for him to solve, and that he who could not solve the problems proposed to him should pay money to him that solved them. And when Hirom had agreed to the proposals, but was not able to solve the problems, he was obliged to pay a great deal of money as a penalty for the same. As also they relate that one Abdemon, a man of Tyre, did solve the problems, and propose others which Solomon could not solve, upon which he was obliged to repay a great deal of money to Hirom.'"

"Those kings must have had less to do than Napoleon, Francis Joseph, and Alexander," remarked Walter.

"Yes; such gaming as that would indicate that they had time enough on their hands."

The long cavalcade entered Tyre, and found little to interest or please. Their tents were

pitched on a rocky eminence near the sea, and overlooking it, reminded them constantly of the woes denounced on the city when it was in the zenith of its power and opulence.

“This, then, is the once mistress of the seas,” said Walter to Mr. Tenant, who sat with him at the door of the tent.

“Yes; it was once what England is now.”

“How fallen!”

“Well may you say so.”

“How many inhabitants are there?”

“Thirty-five hundred.”

“Where is the commerce?”

“You see all there is: those fishing- and coasting-boats out yonder.”

“I feel sad at it.”

“So must we all. But, Walter, do you know that at this very moment you are fulfilling prophecy?”

“Doing what?”

“Fulfilling prophecy.”

“No. What do you mean?”

“Just what I say.”

“Please explain.”

“Why, the prediction is: ‘They shall lament over thee, saying, What city is like Tyrus, like the destroyed in the midst of the sea?’ That prophecy you are fulfilling. Here on this rock you sit lamenting the fall and fate of Tyrus.”

“How has the city been destroyed?”

“By time and war. The commerce has gone to other cities, and Tyre is forever fallen.”

Mr. Percy now came and asked,—

“Shall we go and see the Ameriean consul, and pay our respects to him? I have his name.”

“Oh yes!” said several.

And they went to an obscure street, where they found the consulate. They were introduced to a large, bare, uncarpeted room in his house, where they waited some time before the functionary arrived. He was an Arab, about sixty years of age, and quite portly. He uttered a sentence in Arabic, and Mr. Percy replied in English, or rather said something in English, for he could not understand a word the consul said.

“We are in a fix,” said Mr. Tenant.

“So it seems,” replied Mr. Percy.

Dr. Forestall tried one or two different languages, hut could not extort an answer in any of them, and finally gave it up.

“The old gentleman does not understand English, French, Dutch, nor Cossack,” he added.

“Father,” said Walter, “shall I run back to the encampment for Mohammed?”

“What do you want of him?”

“To act as interpreter.”

“Oh yes; I did not think of that. Run to the camp and tell him what a dilemma we are in, and

ask him to come up and help us out of our trouble."

Soon Mohammed came, all out of breath, and, acting as interpreter, soon made all the matter right. He told the consul who they were, and that they had come to pay their respects to him as the representative of the great nation of the West.

The consul was very complimentary and ordered some coffee, of which they were obliged to partake, though it was thick and unpalatable, and they were hardly able to swallow it. But he could give them no direction as to where to go and what to see; and they left him, wondering what service he would be to any American that might be in Tyre and want official assistance.

From the consul's they went out to look at the ruins of the city, foremost among which is a church now gone to decay. The building was two hundred sixteen feet long, and one hundred thirty-six feet broad, and the massive buttresses and beautiful shafts that still remain show that it must have been a very elegant structure.

"Who erected this church, father?" asked Walter.

"Paulinus, bishop of Tyre."

"When?"

"In the fourth century."

"Is there anything remarkable in its history?"

“Yes; it was dedicated by Eusebius the historian, who preached the sermon on the occasion.”

“What else?”

“Origen, one of the early Christian fathers, was buried here.”

“Ah!”

“And Frederick Barbarossa, the German emperor of whom you have heard.”

“Where are their tombs?”

“They are gone; but their ashes rest somewhere near where we are.”

Walter was much interested in gaining these particulars; but Harry said he did not care about old ruins, and as to Origen and Frederick Barbarossa, he did not know who they were. On returning to the encampment, the party found dinner prepared and everything ready for their entertainment. After that was over, the question came up as to how they should get to Beyroot.

“I propose,” said Mr. Percy, “that we leave our horses in care of the mulemen and Abdalluh, and let them go on to Beyroot by land, while we go by water.”

“How can we go by water?” asked Mr. Butterworth.

“We can charter one of these fishing-boats. And, as the wind is fair, we can sail up there in a few hours, while it will take us two days to go by land.”

“I don’t like the idea of going such a voyage in a fishing-boat,” said Mr. Damrell. “I value my life too much to risk it in such a hazardous undertaking.”

“I hardly think it will be safe,” said Dr. Forrestall.

“I go for the boat,” said Mr. Tenant.

“And I,” said Mr. Dunnallen, “will go with the rest, whichever way they decide.”

The two boys were much in favor of going on by the sea. So Mohammed was called and was asked about it; but he declared the thing an impossibility, and said they must go on with the horses. The fellow thought it might shorten the journey and thus diminish his income; and as he never pretended to tell the truth when falsehood would subserve his purpose better, he did not hesitate to declare the voyage so dangerous that it was not to be thought of for a single moment. But the party, having decided, were determined to go to Beyroot by water.

“Please go, Mohammed, over where you see those boats, and see if you can secure one, and at what price.”

“No boats will go, I tell you.”

“Well, that may be; but go and inquire.”

“I am Mohammed Achmet, and I go.”

He was gone about half an hour, when he returned saying that there was no boat to be had.

“Don’t believe it,” said Mr. Tenant.

“Come,” said Mr. Butterworth, “let us go out and see if we cannot succeed;” and he and Mr. Tenant went over to where the boats were anchored.

They found no difficulty, but soon made an agreement with a boatman to take them to Beyroot for twenty dollars. The boat was a small felucca, with a three-cornered sail, and was to be officered and manned by three Arabs, who were to have the assistance of Hajji Mohammed if a storm should render this necessary. They came back and reported.

“That breaks up our arrangement for staying here all night,” said Mr. Damrell.

“Yes; but we shall spend it on the sea.”

“I fear we shall never see Beyroot.”

“Nonsense!”

“It may be.”

“It surely is.”

“Perhaps it is; but we do not know how far out we shall be obliged to go, nor what skill our sailors will have with the craft. But I will share the voyage with you.”

“All right. Then let Mohammed prepare to break up the camp at once.”

“Father,” said Walter, “I want to do one thing before we leave here.”

“What is it?”

“ Go into the sea for a swim.”

“ I suppose there is no danger.”

“ Oh, none at all.”

“ How do you know ? ”

“ I know ; — I guess not.”

“ Well, try it ; and I will tell Abdalluh to have his eye on you. Don’t venture too far from the shore.”

While Mohammed was preparing for a start, Walter and Harry ran down to the sea and were soon swimming about, calling on the gentlemen, who sat on the rocks looking at them, to witness them their happiness.

In about an hour the camp was broken up, the tents packed, the mules loaded, and all the baggage sent off to Beyroot, overland, in charge of Abdalluh, who was to get there as soon as he could, and meet the party after his arrival. The boys had become attached to the horses on which they rode, and saw them taken away with a feeling of regret. But they were not sorry to escape the long tedious ride over the scorching sand, through Sidon to Beyroot, where Mr. Percy was to meet his wife, and Walter was to see his mother and sister, and where the party was to organize anew and take fresh horses and a new start for Damascus, the Bride of Lebanon.

The boys had become much less fatigued than the men of the party. They were light and sat

asily on their horses, and rode with grace and comfort, while two or three of the gentlemen were portly and found the vigorous exercise of climbing hills and clambering over rocks and down precipices to be a wearisome process. The horses, though sure-footed and reliable, were not in all cases easy travellers, and the prospect of a short voyage, after a long horseback journey, was relished by all but Mr. Damrell, who did not like the danger of the uncertain excursion

CHAPTER XIII.

AN ALARMING NIGHT AT SEA.

WHOEVER has been much upon the Mediterranean sea, knows what changes often occur in the weather, and how suddenly the deep is often lashed to fury, and a pleasant morning is no assurance of a safe day out. Our party had the promise of a most delightful night-sail. The sky was cloudless, the wind favorable; and as the moon was large, they anticipated a most delightful time in getting to Beyroot.

About five o'clock they embarked. The stars and stripes were hoisted on the mast. The boys discharged their revolvers as a parting salute to Tyre; and the wind filling the mutton-leg sail, swept the felucca out to sea. Mohammed was soon taken sick and crept into the cuddy, and nothing was seen of him until morning. As the boat got farther out, the signs of sea-sickness became apparent in several directions; and to avoid that, five or six of the voyagers—Harry and Walter among them—lay down in the bottom of the boat upon the ballast.

“ Hard bed,” said Harry.

“Yes,” replied Walter; “but if we can escape sea-sickness, I don’t care for hard beds.”

“Nor I.”

“Oh, boys, don’t talk about sea-sickness,” said Mr. Damrell, who was never troubled in that way.

“What is sea-sickness?” asked Harry.

“I don’t know,” said Walter. “Dr. Forestall can tell.”

“Heigh-ho, Doctor; tell us, will you?”

“Tell you what?” said the Doctor, who was sitting in the bow of the boat, hardly able to keep his head up.

“About sea-sickness.”

“Oh, I can’t.”

“Now, Doctor, don’t give up so; you know how much you laughed at us on the Atlantic. Now tell us.”

“If I knew what you want to know, I might give you the information.”

“What is sea-sickness?”

“The dictionary says it is a sickness or nausea produced by the violent rolling or pitching of a ship in the sea.”

“I know that; but, philosophically or physiologically, what is it?”

“Stop, stop, stop! let me alone!” and the poor man needed to be let alone, for he was fast becoming a victim of the disease he so much desired to avoid conversing about.

And soon they were all glad to be quiet; for though the evening was pleasant, the boat pitched and rolled about, so that the boys kept their heads down in order to avoid being sick themselves.

At length the two lads fell asleep and dreamed. How long they slept they could not tell. When they began to drowse, the full round moon was shining clearly and brightly in the heaven. They were awakened by a terrific clap of thunder which appeared to break just above their heads, and the boat itself seemed to reel with the shock.

“What is the matter?” cried Harry.

“A storm,” replied Walter.

They both started up; but Mr. Percy, who was awake and knew just the state of the case, shouted, —

“Down, down, boys!”

“Are we sinking, Mr. Percy?”

“No; all is safe.”

The Arabs were now at work taking down their sail. They yelled to each other, made all sorts of cries of plaintive distress, and with their bare feet ran over the bodies and even stepped into the faces of those who lay in the bottom of the boat. No one of our travellers could understand what they said; and that added to the terror of the occasion.

“I thought it would be so,” said Mr. Damrell. “I told you not to come this way.”

“No use to find fault now,” said Mr. Tarrant.
“It is sink or swim.”

“Let us call Mohammed, and get him to tell us how much danger there is,” said Mr. Butterworth.

“Well, call him.”

“Mohammed! Mohammed!” shouted Mr. Butterworth.

No answer.

“Mohammed Achmet!”

No answer.

“Dragoman, fellow you, come out here!”

“I—I—I’m—sick,” moaned a voice from the cuddy.

“No matter; we are sinking. Come out and interpret for us.”

“No sinking.”

“Well, come out and see.”

“All safe,—plenty safe.”

“Pull him out!” cried Harry.

“No, no,” said several.

The dragoman could not be got out in any way. He was sea-sick, and did not care much whether the boat went to the bottom or got to Beyroot. The wind was directly astern, and the boat was going through the water at a fearful rate, shipping seas constantly.

“Walter!” said Harry, softly.

“What?”

“The boat is sinking.”

“Nonsense!”

“I tell you it is!”

“No; what makes you think so?”

“I feel the water rising around me on these stones.”

“So do I; and I am wet through. Let us get up.”

“No; I don’t dare to. If I do I shall be awfully sea-sick.”

So they lay in the water, which, dashing over the bows of the boat, covered the ballast and nearly drowned them. Mr. Dunnallen was down there too, and one or two others of the party.

“Oh, how long the hours seem,” said Walter.

“Yes.”

“I wish morning would come.”

“So do I.”

And thus they were driven by Euroclydon toward the port of their destination. At length the moon came out again, but the wind did not abate, nor did the waters subside. They however reached Beyroot several hours sooner than they expected to, and sooner than they would have done but for the storm. It was fortunate for them that the wind was right; for, had it been a cross-wind or a head-wind, they probably would all have been drowned. Long before light they rode into the harbor of Beyroot. Mr. Percy took the boys ashore in the first boat; and they

were very glad to be again on solid land. They were so dizzy that they could hardly climb up the slippery steps and walk to the hotel which was close by. It was very early in the morning, and but few of the inhabitants were astir ; and soon the whole party were standing in the open court of the house waiting for some one to come and attend to their wants. And long did they wait, for hotel-matters are not managed in the East with the promptness of New York and Boston. But the time was not lost, for Walter had many things on his mind, and he obtained from the gentlemen many facts about Beyroot.

“ What about this city of Beyroot, father ? ” asked Walter.

“ About it ? ”

“ Yes ; its history and condition.”

“ Oh, it has a very long history.”

“ Is it very ancient ? ”

“ Yes ; it is the ancient Berytus, and goes back to an antiquity so remote that no one can trace it.”

“ It will be a grand place to look about and see the ancient things. I do love these old towns. There is something about them so venerable.”

That the reader may know the history of Beyroot, where our young friends are to stay for several days, we will give a few facts as we find them in a reliable authority : — “ So long

ago was this old city built, that its origin is enveloped in fable, and the mythologists declare Saturn to have been its founder, and to be the first who made it a place of habitation. Strabo, Pliny, Ptolemy, and others of the ancient writers, record the wonders of Berytus. The name is supposed, by some, to be derived from the Phœnician idol Baal-Berith, in whose honor a temple was erected on this spot. Others, on the contrary, suppose the word to have originated in the salubrity of the locality, owing to the abundant supply of water which is there to be found. In the Phœnician language it signifies *a well*. The old town was destroyed by Diodotus Tryphon, but after the conquest of Syria by the Romans it was rebuilt near the site of the ancient city. Historians who eschew the mythological origin tell us that Berytus was a colony of Sidon (the modern Saida), and the fatherland of that celebrated historian of Phœnicia, Sanchoniathon, who lived, according to some writers, among which Porphyry is numbered, in the days of Semiramis, and, according to others, in the times of Gideon, the judge of Israel, twelve hundred and forty-five years before the commencement of the Christian era. In Berytus, it is said, the invention of glass was first made,—a fact which gives additional interest to the spot. The Emperor Augustus in later days made it a Roman colony, and called it

Julia Felix,—the name *Julia* in honor of his daughter, and the epithet *Felix* (happy) to express his admiration of the fertility of the neighborhood, the incomparable climate, and the magnificence of the situation. Medals were afterwards struck in honor of the Roman emperors bearing the legend, “COLONIA FELIX BERYTUS.” Herod the Great held at Berytus a solemn court of judicature, at which he condemned to death his two sons, Alexander and Aristobulus, on a charge of treason. At Berytus, also, Agrippa, the grandson of Herod the Great, built a theatre, an amphitheatre, and baths, and instituted a variety of games, which made the place notorious. When Jerusalem had fallen before the Roman soldiers, Titus celebrated at Berytus the birthday of his father, Vespasian. But the place was famous for other things besides its stately theatre, or the grand revels which were held there: it was famous for the study of the law. Alexander Severus had founded a celebrated school there. Justinian called it the ‘nurse of the law,’ and would permit no other professors to expound Roman justice but such as had been educated at Rome, Constantinople, or Berytus. Berytus was one of the fairest cities of Phoenicia, celebrated all over the East for its civil government, and counted as a very school and pattern for other cities. There happened at Berytus, in the year

of grace 556, a terrible earthquake ; in 1109, the city sustained a memorable siege against Baldwin, king of Jerusalem, who took the place from the Saracens ; and in 1187 was besieged again, this time by the redoubtable Saladin, sultan of Egypt and Syria. Three quarters of an hour's ride from Beyroot may still be seen the stately pines from some of which the Saracens constructed their besieging apparatus, and which proved too strong and powerful for Christian chivalry. Until the time of Saladin, the good knights of Christendom had successfully defied the Crescent ; but his military skill and daring overcame them at Beyroot, and Moslems rejoiced in the streets of the city. In 1197, the crusaders and the Mahometans fought a hard fight between Tyre and Sidon, and victory was declared on the side of the Cross. When the people of Beyroot heard that the Christians were marching down upon the city, and that Makel Adel and his troops had been defeated, they fled from their homes ; and the conquerors found the city well supplied with provisions, arms, and other military stores, and not one follower of the Prophet to dispute the spoil ! Christian rule in Beyroot ended in the year 1291 ; after that period the city was under the domination of the Emirs. One of the most celebrated of these was the Emir Fakhr-Eddin, who made it the capital of his dominions and his

own favorite residence. This prince undertook a journey to Italy, and continued for nine years at the court of the Medici at Florence, studying the fine arts, particularly architecture. When he returned to his own country, he built a splendid palace at Beyroot, the remains of which are still to be seen ; but, alas ! his cultivated taste brought swift destruction on him. The sultan, jealous of his power and renown, commissioned another petty prince to dispossess the Emir of his dominions, and to bring him prisoner to Stamboul. It was a hard struggle for the unfortunate Emir to obtain even the privilege of being allowed to live ; and when, a short time afterwards, his grandchildren raised a revolt, even this favor was taken away, and the poor Emir lost his head, which was exposed to the public gaze and left to rot and blacken in the sun, with this inscription under it, ‘The head of the rebel Fakhr-Eddin.’ The dominions once belonging to the unfortunate Emir were now made over to another lord, of a noble Arabian family, dwelling at Meeca, — in which family the authority has continued to be invested to the present time ; and the family tree, taking deep root in Beyroot, numbers no less than two hundred and fifty Emirs.

“ In 1783, Djezzar Pacha, the same who, a few years later, defended with great tact and success Saint Jean d’Acre against the French army,

returned to Beyroot, and made that place a Turkish garrison. When Ibrahim Pacha, at the end of 1831, invaded Syria, Emir Beschir did not attempt to resist him. Beyroot, Jaffa, Acre, Tripoli, were abandoned ; but the Arabs relate a curious incident which occurred as Ibrahim was about to enter Beyroot. At a short distance from the gate, as the Pacha was traversing a cross-road, an enormous serpent uncoiled itself directly in his path, and, as his horse approached, prepared for the fatal dart. The attendants shrieked and retreated in alarm, the horse reared frightfully. The only man unconcerned was the Pacha, who, drawing his sabre from its sheath, struck at the reptile, and with one well-aimed blow cut off its head ! Then, without a word, he continued his route and rode into the streets of the old city.”

Such was the city where our travellers had resolved to stop and refresh themselves after the toilsome journeys of the previous month. They had slept in tents and on divans in convents, and were glad now to be where each could have his own room and place.

We left them in the court. The servants of the house came and assigned them rooms, furnished them with baths, and by the time they had completed their toilet arrangements they were summoned to breakfast, the sun being up

and the people astir. The room occupied by Walter and Harry was a long, square apartment, looking out upon the fine harbor in which were riding at the time several French and English war-ships.

"Where are you going after breakfast?" asked Harry as he sat by Walter's side at the table.

"Ah, don't you know?"

"No."

"Can't you guess?"

"No; I am sure I cannot."

"That is strange."

"Oh yes, I think I know."

"Where, then?"

"To find Minnie."

"Yes; I have been thinking about her all the morning."

"I had almost forgotten that she was here."

"I have not forgotten it; nor that my dear good mother, who has done so much for me, is here."

"But how can you find them?"

"I heard Mohammed tell father that he knew where the missionaries lived, and would take him there this morning; and I shall go of course."

"Shall I go?"

"I think not, for pa said he was going to bring them to this house; and you will see Sis and mother here."

Just then a servant came in and said, "Is Mr. Percy here in this company?"

"Yes, sir; that is my name."

"A letter, sah!"

"Thank you. Hand it."

The letter was handed to Mr. Percy, who read it. It ran as follows: —

"DEAR FATHER: I think you will soon be here, but I could not wait until you reached the house. Now, when you come in, do not stop at the hotel, only long enough to leave your baggage, but come up at once and see us. Oh, we are so lonesome here for you and Walter! The people are very kind, and I go to ride every day on a white mule; and if you were here, I should be so happy. And so would mother. Now, dear good father, don't stop to change your clothes, nor shave, nor fix up, but come right up and see us, and do all that afterwards. Won't Walter, Harry, and I romp when we get together!"

"MINNIE."

Mr. Percy handed the letter to Walter, who read it to Harry; and after breakfast Mohammed went with them to the house of the missionary where Mrs. Percy and Minnie were making a visit. The meeting was a very tender and pleasant one, and the brother and sister told each other what they had seen, how they had fared, and

what they had enjoyed since they separated at Joppa.

When the arrangements had been made, the lady and her daughter accompanied them to the hotel where they were to stop during the rest of the time in Beyroot. There was not one of the company who was not glad to welcome little sprightly Minnie back to the ranks. Mr. Tenant was in his best mood. He really loved the child.

“Don’t eat him up, Minnie,” said Walter, as she clung about Mr. Tenant’s neck.

“Are you jealous of me already? You have had Mr. Tenant a whole month, and I have not seen his face, and now shall I not love him?”

“That is right, Minnie.”

“You will be my gallant for the rest of the journey.”

“Yes.”

“And where do I come in?” said Harry.

“Nowhere.”

“And what becomes of me if Mr. Tenant is to be your special favorite?” asked her brother.

“You must fix that yourselves. I have been separated from Mr. Tenant so long that he must give me all his time, to-day at least.”

“Selfish!” said Walter.

“Not at all.”

“Well, Sis, you may have him. We are so

glad to see you in our midst again, that we are willing you should play the despot, and monopolize the attention of us all. But what are you going to do with Mr. Tenant?"

"I am going to take him away, and make him tell me everything he has seen, and what he thinks about Jerusalem, and Nazareth, and all the places he has visited."

"So I am booked for to-day," said Mr. Tenant, laughing.

"You are safely caught, sir," replied the girl.

An hour or two passed away in pleasant conversation ; Mrs. Percy and Minnie had rooms assigned to them, and the party that had been sleeping on the ground, and riding night and day, began to look a little more like themselves. As they were all sitting on the veranda, admiring the beautiful prospect, a janissary appeared, stalking along over the resounding pavement, his sword clattering by his side and his step as firm as a grenadier's.

"Hallo!" cried Harry as he saw him.

"Who is to be taken?" asked Minnie.

The janissary soon settled that.

"Is Monsieur Percy here?" he asked.

"I am he?"

"A lettair, sah!"

Mr. Percy took it.

“An invitation,” he said, turning to his wife.

“For what, pa?” asked Minnie.

“To dine with the American consul to-day.”

“Am I included?”

“Miss Percy is invited.”

“That means me. Shall you go, pa?”

“If your mother says so.”

“Oh, she will.”

“How do you know?”

“Because she says just as I want her to. Don’t you, ma?”

“Too often, my child, I yield to your wishes against my judgment.”

“But is dining with the consul and his lady, whom we have met several times, against your judgment?”

“No; on the contrary, I should like to go.”

“Isn’t she a dear good little lady, ma?”

“Very interesting. But what does your father say about going?”

“Oh,” responded Mr. Percy, “I am at the service of the ladies now. However, I look rather too bad to appear much in company.”

“If we are going, it is necessary that we should be making some preparation, my daughter,” said Mrs. Percy.

The ladies then retired. The gentlemen were glad to meet some other travellers, but were astounded at what they heard from them. And

what does the young reader think it was? They were told that a civil war had broken out in the land of their birth; that Fort Sumter had fallen into the hands of the rebels; that Mount Vernon had been sacked, and the sacred bones of the "father of his country" carried South; that the capital had surrendered, and that a hostile army of fifty thousand men was marching on Philadelphia.

"Do you believe it, pa?" asked Walter.

"No; not a word of it."

"Nor I," said Mr. Tenant.

"But there must be something out of which it is made," added Dr. Forestall.

"There may have been a brush of some kind," was Mr. Dunnallen's remark.

"When can we know?" asked Mr. Allston.

"A steamer with English and American news will arrive to-morrow night, and we shall get the truth on Monday morning," said Mr. Butterworth.

Mrs. Percy and laughing Minnie now appeared, and Mr. Percy and Walter joining them, they went into the private apartments of the consul, who had his quarters at the hotel; and very pleasant were the greetings, and all enjoyed the dinner-party very much. They found the wife of the official to be a woman of cultivated mind, who

had written a book on Syrian life and manners, and two hours fled quickly, when the Percy family retired to their own quarters, delighted with the urbanity of the consul and the pleasure of the visit.

CHAPTER XIV.

A SABBATH WITH THE MISSIONARIES.

WHO does not love the Sabbath-day? The weary farmer who has toiled all the week long, and has become tired of his task in the field, welcomes the day when the plough shall stand in the furrow, and the ox in the stall, and he with his family shall go to the house of God. The toiling artisan, in the smoke of his forge, or the sound of his hammer, welcomes the first day of the week when no toil is appointed to him, and in holiday attire he can go out and view the works of God, or meet with Christians in acts of worship. The little child, tired of play, or weary of the satchel and the school, hails the dawn of the quiet day of grace.

The Sabbath is a necessity and a luxury. It comes to rest the body and the mind,—comes to the laborer and the scholar, to the poor and to the rich, to the bond and to the free, as a boon and a blessing. He who does not love the Sabbath, or who does not know how to observe it, is insensible to one of the greatest enjoyments of life, one of the richest provisions of God for our

comfort and salvation. A good man welcomes Sunday as one of the golden treasures of his earthly being, and cold, indeed, must be his heart if he does not sing, —

“ Weleome, delightful morn,
Sweet day of sacred rest.”

“ Then we shall spend this day in a Christian way,” said Walter, at Beyroot, on Sabbath morning.

“ I think we have spent all our Sabbaths, since we have been abroad, in a Christian way,” replied his father.

“ Oh yes, sir ; but here we are to have service, and see the people, and worship in a house dedicated to God and his worship.”

“ Yes. The missionaries, several of whom you have seen, have a chapel here, and we shall attend divine worship with them. But you must remember that God can be worshipped by the true believer as well alone, in the wilderness, as in a magnificent temple with sounding organs and choirs. God is a spirit, and is not confined to time and place.—It is Bulfinch who addresses Deity in these words which you have often heard sung by our church-choir at home : —

Lord, thou art not alone
In courts by mortals trod ;
Nor only is the day thine own
When man draws nigh to God :

Thy Sabbath is the arch
Of yon unmeasured sky;
Thy Sabbath the stupendous march
Of grand eternity.”

“ Yes, sir, I knew all this ; but you will admit that the sanctuary and the institutions of religion do all help us better to worship God.”

“ Certainly, my son ; we owe much to the forms of Christian worship as well as to its spirit. I doubt not you will enjoy this day better than if you were in the tent, away from this place.”

“ Who will preach to-day ? ”

“ I don’t know ; but I hope to hear the author of one of the books you have read during our journey.”

“ Ah ! what book ? ”

“ ‘ The Land and the Book.’ ”

“ That I know ; and I shall be very glad to hear the man who wrote it.”

At the usual time of morning service the American consul called for them ; and the gentlemen went to the chapel of the mission, where they found about two hundred persons assembled. Most of them were English or American residents of the place, the officers and crews of vessels in port ; but among them were many converted natives, and some Mahometans who, understanding the language, loved to come in and listen to the services.

They were disappointed in their expectations. The veteran missionary did not preach ; and Walter lost the much desired privilege of hearing the author of a work which had afforded him much instruction. In the pulpit was an American clergyman, who like themselves had been travelling in Syria, and who had been persuaded by the missionaries to occupy the sacred place. His beard was long ; his gray coat looked much the worse for wear ; and he appeared like any one but the one he was when in his own metropolitan pulpit at home. His theme was, "The woman of Samaria" ; and when he entered upon it, he forgot that he was covered with the dust of travel, but drew a picture of that woman at the well, listening to Christ, and then turned from her to offer in the name of the great Saviour the water of life to those who then heard him. Walter was interested because he had so recently visited the well, and sat where the woman sat. The thoughts of Mr. Butterworth were called to the hour, not many months before, when a lovely little girl of his, soon to die, asked him to tell her that touching story. Harry did not feel much interest, but sat looking over a hymn-book until the service ended. His thoughts were not on the sermon, but were far away among his friends at home ; and not until the solemn benediction was uttered was he recalled from his mental wander-

ings. The two boys went out and stood at the door waiting for their older friends. When Mr. Percy came out he beckoned to them.

“Boys!” he said.

“What say, sir?”

“I am invited to dine with Rev. Mr. Lessup, and you are allowed to go with me if you choose.”

“I would like to go,” answered Walter.

“Oh, don’t,” said Harry.

“Why not?”

“Because it will be so dull dining with a missionary.”

“I don’t think it will be dull at all, and I wish to go. Come, go with us.”

“If you go, I will; but I don’t want to.”

Mr. Percy went on with the minister, and the boys followed behind them. They entered a neat little cottage shaded with trees and adorned with oriental shrubbery.

“Well, it is a pretty place, at any rate,” said Harry, as they went through the little hedge of cactus and reached the door.

“We will have a grand time, I guess.”

Mr. Percy now introduced them to the missionary and his wife, who bade them cordial welcome. Dinner was soon ready, and they all sat down to the table. Several dishes which the boys had never seen before were brought on, and an oriental repast was made.

Dinner over, Mr. Percy retired with the host to a little study, where some time was spent in talking over the affairs of the mission, in which the former felt much interest. The boys were left in the care of the minister's wife, who interested them very much by telling them about the dreadful massacres which had been perpetrated in Syria by the wicked Druses.

“Were you here at the time?” asked Walter.

“Yes.”

“Were you not frightened?”

“I was very much alarmed, and, being in ill health, my husband took me on board a ship which was anchored in the harbor.”

“Were you the only one who went out?”

“Oh no. The foreign residents very generally sought refuge on shipboard.”

“They must have felt very sad.”

“They did. Many ladies were on shipboard whose husbands were on shore, and they did not know but they would soon hear that they were slain by the ferocious Mussulmans.”

“Are the Druses all quiet now?”

“They are suppressed. But they seowl upon Christians and Franks as they meet them in the streets; and I should not wonder if a new war broke out, and the land should again be deluged in blood.”

The lady gave the boys many very touching

incidents of the massacre, to which they listened with much interest.

“ Now, boys,” said Mr. Lessup, entering the room from the library, “ we will go to the chapel again.”

“ What is there now, sir ? ”

“ The Sabbath school.”

“ Ah ! ”

“ Yes ; and I want you to see a Sunday school in Syria.”

“ Oh, sir, we should be very much pleased to go.”

“ Get ready, and we will go over.”

They all walked back to the chapel, and found about one hundred children assembled. Most of them were in the native costume, as were their teachers. There were also some classes of adults ; and all seemed very much interested in the study of the Word of God. The boys were delighted with the singing. Just before the close of the school, the superintendent came to them and gave them a long sheet of paper all covered over with characters in Arabic.

“ What is this, sir ? ” asked Walter.

“ Hymns we are to sing,” replied the superintendent, who could converse in English.

“ Are they such hymns as we sing in America ? ”

“ You will see when we sing them.”

Walter did recognize several pieces which are sung in Sunday schools in this country. The words of course he did not know, but the tune he could hum with them.

"What is that they are singing now?" whispered Harry to him.

"It is the hymn beginning—

"Joyfully, joyfully, onward I move,
Bound to the land of bright glories above."

"Yes; I have heard it sung."

"Now listen! What is this? I know."

"What is it?"

"The hymn—

"I want to be an angel."

"Yes; I have heard that too."

Thus the boys recognized most of the tunes that were sung. One was an original hymn, written by one of the missionaries, which afterwards was translated to the boys, and by them admired very much.

After the Sunday school was the church-service, and Mr. Lessup preached in Arabic; and though the boys knew nothing of the language, they understood some things that were said, from the expressiveness of the gestures of the preacher. It was a very pleasing service indeed to the boys, and they will never forget it.

From the chapel they went to the rooms of the consul, with whom they supped and passed the evening, and from him obtained many facts in relation to the people and the country. It being Sabbath evening, the conversation flowed much in a religious channel, and a lady present gave the boys much valuable information concerning the religion of the Mahometans; and beautifully did she present the superiority of the religion of Jesus over the false system of Mahomet.

“Our gentlemen told us,” said Harry to her, “that there was a description of our Saviour’s person in existence somewhere, and that they would find it for us, but they have not.”

“I know of such a description, but think it mere fancy.”

“Can you not give it to us, as our gentlemen will never get time for it?”

“Oh yes.”

The lady went to her portfolio, and, taking out some papers, turned them over until she found one on which her eye rested.

“There is a painting of our Lord,” she said, “kept in the *Scula Santa*, or *Sancta Sanctorum*, at Rome.”

“Is there?” asked both boys at once.

“Yes.”

“What is it like?”

“Like the imagination of the artist who painted it,” said the lady, smiling at the enthusiasm of her auditors.

“Is it all imagination?”

“Probably.”

“But,” asked Walter, “what is the painting?”

“I have seen lately the following description of it. Let me read.”

The lady read:—“The picture of our Lord is a very ancient painting on wood, and its outline is attributed from inmemorable tradition to the evangelist St. Luke, while its coloring is said to be miraculous, without any human intervention. Hence its Greek name of *Acheropita*. It represents our Saviour at full length, and of life-size. Pope Alexander III. had the face of the Saviour covered with silk cloth, on which he had painted a most faithful copy of the features on the wooden panel. This sacred image of the Saviour was always held in the greatest veneration by the Roman people, and they attributed to it the wonderful liberation of Rome from the invasion of the Lombard King, Astolphus, in the eighth century. On that occasion the sacred picture was carried in solemn procession to the Liberian Basilica (St. Mary Major), and this devout ceremony was repeated every year on the eve of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin.

In the course of ages, however, this custom was given up, and with it, little by little, also diminished the extraordinary devotion of the Romans to this wonderful image.”*

“Humbug!” exclaimed Harry.

“It may not be,” said Walter.

“This is the account of the Romish Church, which is responsible for many traditions which are very unreliable,” said the lady.

“Was Luke a painter?” asked Harry.

“The Romish Church have several pictures which they say were painted by Luke. The monks give the sainted Evangelist much credit for his artistic performances. Did you ever hear of the Santissimo Bambino?”

* The worship of this painting is to be reverence; for, says the *Veridico*, from which the above description is taken, “now that the wishes of many pious persons, expressed in favor of the renewal of this devotion and ceremony, have had the good fortune of finding a favorable response on the part of our Father and Sovereign, let us endeavor, O Romans! with all our might, to return to the ancient devotion, towards the wondrous effigy of the Saviour.” A telegram, dated from Rome, September 1st, informs us that, on the occasion of the procession on the 30th ult., in which the miraculous picture of our Lord, preserved in the sanctuary of the *Scala Santa*, was to be taken to the Basilica of St. Mary Major, a pontifical rescript had been published, inviting the faithful to pray specially for Poland, which always was one of the bulwarks of Catholicity, and which is now the scene of massacres.

“ Yes, lady, I have,” answered Walter.

“ I have not,” said Harry. “ Tell me what it is.”

“ It is a wonderful baby.”

“ A baby ?”

“ Yes.”

“ What kind of a baby — a flesh-and-blood baby ?”

“ No ; a wooden figure of the infant Saviour. The tradition is, that a pious Franciscan monk carved out the image from a piece of an olive-tree which grew on Olivet, and while he slept, the Evangelist Luke came down and painted it.”

“ Do you mean to say they have such an image now ?”

“ I do.”

“ Do you mean to say that the people believe the story ?”

“ Yes ; and so wonderful are said to be its healing powers that its revenues are very large indeed.”

“ Where is it ?”

“ In Rome, I told you.”

“ Yes ; but where in Rome ?”

“ In the church S. Maria d'Ava Cœli, which occupies the site of an old Roman temple, and is over a thousand years old.”

“ But to return to our original subject,” said Walter, “ let me ask if you had finished the

account you were giving us of the Lord Jesus?"

"No."

"What were you about to tell us?"

"That the description to which the gentlemen probably alluded, and which they promised to give you, is quite interesting. Let me see if I can find it."

She turned over the papers in the portfolio, but it was not there. Then she took down a scrap-book, and after looking over it for a few minutes, found what she was looking for.

"Here it is," she said.

"Oh, do read it to us."

"This," said the lady, "purports to be the report of Publius Lentulus, governor of Judea, made to the Roman governor, concerning Jesus of Nazareth."

"What does he say?" asked Walter, with some impatience.

"There appeared," read the lady, "in these our days, a Man of great virtue, named Jesus Christ, who is yet living amongst us, and of the people is accepted for a Prophet, but his own disciples call him the Son of God. He raiseth the dead, and cureth all manner of diseases. A man of stature somewhat tall and comely, with a very reverend countenance, such as the beholders may both love and fear. His hair of

the color of a chestnut full-ripe, and plain to the ears, but thence downwards it is more orient, curling and waving about his shoulders. In the midst of his head is a seam or partition of his hair, after the manner of the Nazarites. His forehead plain and very delicate ; his face without spot or wrinkle, beautiful with a lovely red ; his nose and mouth so formed as nothing can be reprehended ; his beard thickish, in color like the hair of his head, not very long, but forked ; his look innocent and mature ; his eyes gray, clear and quick. In reproving he is terrible ; in admonishing, courteous and fair-spoken ; pleasant in conversation, mixed with gravity. It cannot be remembered that any have seen him laugh ; but many have seen him weep. In proportion of body, most excellent ; his hands and arms delectable to behold. In speaking, very temperate, modest, and wise. A man, for his singular beauty, surpassing the children of men."

"What do you think of that, Walter ?" asked Harry.

"I don't know."

"I'll tell you what I think of it."

"Well, tell."

"I think Christ did not look like that."

"What makes you think so ?" asked the lady

"Because"

"That is hardly a reason."

“ Well, because the picture which the writer has drawn seems to me to portray the countenance of one very different from what I have supposed the Saviour to be, from what Walter has told me of him.”

“ What idea have you of him ? ”

“ Of a tall, robust, stern, earnest man.”

“ Ah, you think this description makes our Lord too effeminate ? ”

“ Yes, yes ; that is what I mean,—only I could not express it.”

“ Perhaps you are right. The painter of this word-picture doubtless drew what he conceived to be a beautiful sketch.”

“ And is it certain,” asked Walter, “ that this is not a true description of the Saviour’s person ? ”

“ Not certain. It may be ; and it strikes me as somewhat wonderful that some account of Christ’s features and form should not have been handed down to us by his own disciples.”

“ I’ll tell you what father said once,” remarked Walter.

“ What did he say ? ”

“ That the absence in the Scriptures of any mention of Christ’s personal appearance led him to suppose that such absence was intentional.”

“ Did he state what he thought the intention to be ? ”

“ He did. He thought Christ wished to turn

the minds of men from his person to his works. He wished them to look at the Cross, and lose sight of everything else."

"The idea seems reasonable."

"Well, Walter," said Mr. Percy, joining the party, "your mother and Minnie will think they are neglected if we do not soon return to them."

"I am ready at any time; but you know, mother had made very pleasant arrangements to spend this day and evening."

"Yes; but she is probably expecting us now."

So they returned to the hotel, where they found Mrs. Percy and Minnie, together with several of the gentlemen of the party. Walter and Harry were enthusiastic in describing the fine evening visit they had had at the rooms of the consul. Mr. Butterworth gave a description of a meeting at the Missionary Chapel where Dr. Forestall and Rector Allston had made interesting addresses. Mrs. Percy told how she and her daughter had passed the time since morning with a very dear friend and former schoolmate, and asked her husband if he did not wish to leave her here, and return to America without her.

"I will stay too," answered Minnie.

"And so will I," added Walter.

"And in that case I should be obliged to. So, children, we had better take your mother home with us."

"And mother," said Mrs. Percy, "would find any place dull without her children."

"Ah, I knew you would, ma."

"Certainly, my children; for no place would be pleasant and homelike to me if you were not there. My family constitute my little world, and where you are, I can be happy. Your father loves you as well as I do, but, engaged as he is in business, and crowded as he often is with cares of which I know nothing, he does not miss you, when you are absent, so much as I do."

Few children know how deep and tender for them is parental love. Sometimes it seems to be covered up beneath the cares of business and the anxieties of life, but whenever occasion offers it shines forth, and becomes more beautiful by every successive development. Happy the child that can appreciate parental love!

CHAPTER XV.

ORIENTAL CUSTOMS.

THE traveller through Syria, Egypt, and other eastern countries is struck with the want of improvement. He sees everywhere the same institutions, habits, customs, phases of life, that existed two hundred, or two thousand years ago. He leaves America, or England, where are railroads and locomotives, telegraphs and steamboats, reaping-machines and patent ploughs,—a high state of civilization seen in art, agriculture, and every branch of human industry,—and finds himself in countries where there are no railroads, steamships, nor telegraphs,—where even a decent carriage-road is scarcely known,—where the people subsist on the rudest products of nature, live in the rudest and most uncomfortable tenements, and give no evidence of taste, culture, or progress. The change is painful, and the stranger turns from it with feelings of pity and disgust. The travellers whom we have been following through various countries were constantly reminded of the want of spirit and enterprise of the people; and the

boys were loud in their complaints. They could not see why the Syrians and Egyptians should oppose inventions which would go so far towards lifting them from a state of barbarism to a high degree of civilization.

This subject came up the following evening when Mr. Percy, his wife, Minnie, and the two boys were on a visit to the house of the American consul.

“Wherever you go,” remarked that gentleman, “you see the evidences of degradation among this people. They resist progress as if it was to be a curse rather than a blessing. They choose to do without the comforts of life rather than take any means to secure them.”

“Why is it so?” asked Walter.

“Because they are destitute of right ideas of life. They have energy enough, but it is wrongly directed.”

“Can they not be taught?”

“Certainly. They are being taught, and of late years an interesting change has been taking place. The seed is being sown by the foreign residents, which will be found springing up in a few years.”

“Please tell us something,” said sprightly little Minnie, “that will illustrate what you have been saying.”

“Well, the other day I saw a native black-

smith, and his anvil was a piece of iron about a foot square ; and how do you suppose he got it of the right height to use his hammer upon it ? ”

“ He set it upon a block, I guess.”

“ No.”

“ Then he put it on a table.”

“ No.”

“ Well, let me see. I don’t know.”

“ What does Master Walter say ? ”

“ I think he may have got a large rock and put it on.”

“ Not right.”

“ I can guess,” said Harry.

“ Well, try.”

“ He set it on the ground, and bent down to it, making it a back-breaking operation, — didn’t he ? ”

“ No.”

“ Then we must give it up.”

“ I will tell you. He set the iron on the ground, and — ”

“ So I said,” interrupted Harry.

“ You did not wait for me to finish.”

“ I am always interrupting. Go on, sir.”

“ Well, this blacksmith put his anvil on the ground, and, to make it convenient for him to use it, dug a hole in the ground to stand in.”

“ What a foolish man ! ” exclaimed Minnie.

“ Very foolish indeed, my child ; but not more

foolish than the ignorant people seem to be in many things. They work to great disadvantage in almost everything."

"I should not like to live in a country where they make no improvement," said Harry. "I hope to see a great many improvements in our country before I die."

"What do you hope to see, my boy?" asked the consul, with a smile.

"Oh, sir, I hope to see steam-carriages going over common roads, gas made of water, the air navigated in trains drawn by balloons, and—and—I don't know what."

"And gold made of paving-stones," slyly added Walter.

"Yes; I hope so. Nothing would surprise me."

"Well," said Walter, "I noticed in church, yesterday afternoon, that a great curtain was hung up in the chapel, to separate the women from the men."

"Yes."

"Is not that very foolish?"

"Very foolish; but it is demanded by the prejudices of the people."

"Do the missionaries yield to such prejudices?"

"Yes; when they can without compromise of principle. If this curtain was not hung through the church, many of the women would stay at home."

“ Foolish ! ” said Harry.

“ Very foolish ; but the prejudice against the commingling of the sexes is carried so far, that, if a native has a friend to dine with him, his wives never appear. Dr. Thompson, whom you saw at church yesterday, and whom you wanted to hear preach, tells us in his book that ‘ these customs are often carried out into exaggerations and extremes by pride and jealousy, and then they are not only absurd, but barbarous. For example, a Druse sheikh, or wealthy Moslem, when he calls a physician for any of his *harem*, makes a great mystery of the matter. The poor creature is closely veiled, and if the doctor insists upon seeing her tongue, there is much cautious manœuvring to avoid exposure. I have even known cases where the tongue was thrust through a rent in the veil made for the purpose. This is sufficiently absurd ; and yet I am acquainted with a sheikh who carries these jealous precautions to a still more ridiculous extreme. He never allows his women to go out of the *harem* (women’s apartments) except at night, and not then until servants are sent ahead to clear the roads.’ ”

“ I would not live in this country,” cried Minnie.

“ You might live here and not be subject to these odious rules.”

“ So I could.”

“ This is carried so far that married men seldom speak of their wives, and if they do, it is generally with contempt.”

“ The brutes ! ” said Minnie.

The consul smiled at her excitement.

“ The excellent Doctor also tells you, and you will find it in his book, and I can bear witness to its truth, ‘ that, according to the genuine old *regime*, a man, when absent from home, never writes to his wife, but to his son, if he have one, though not a month old ; and often he addresses his letter to a fictitious son, whom for the time he imagines he has, or ought to have ; and, if he meets any one direct from home, he will inquire after everybody but his wife. She must not be mentioned, even though she is known to be sick. At such customs we can afford to smile, but there are others which admit of no excuse or apology. They are infamous, and degrading to the sex. The Arabs have a word — *ajellack* — by which they preface the mention of anything indelicate or unclean. Thus, *ajellack* a donkey, or a dog, or my shoes ; so, when compelled to speak of their women, they say, “ *ajellack* my woman,” or, simply, “ the woman is so and so.” ’ ”

“ I would not stand that.”

“ How could you help it, Miss Minnie ? ”

“ I don’t know how ; but I would help it.”

“I'll tell you something else.”

“What, sir?”

“It is not according to etiquette for young gentlemen and ladies to have any acquaintance before marriage. The young lady is disposed of by her parents before she is old enough to think for herself. She is betrothed some time before marriage, and this betrothal is a half-way marriage.”

“If I was sold in that way, I would run away.”

“No, you would not.”

“I should, sir. Please, excuse me.”

“No; if you lived under this system, you would have different views from those you now cherish. You would have your mind moulded to this state of society.”

“I cannot think so.”

“No, you do not think so; but it would be so.”

“Then I should not be Minnie Percy!”

“Ah! that is so.”

“What a blessing it is that we have not been placed by Providence in this country,” said Mrs. Percy. “You, my children, should be devoutly grateful to God that he has given you a home in New England, where are enjoyed such means of education and general enlightenment, as well as where the blessed religion of our divine Redeemer

has so much power, and so tends to ensure the public safety.”

“ I think we are grateful, mother,” said Walter. “ Every night since I have been abroad, and have seen the degradation of the people near whose villages we have encamped, I have thanked our Heavenly Father for his great mercy and goodness to us.”

“ Ever keep, my son, a grateful spirit, and your life will be a better and a happier one. But I must not take up your time in conversation. You want to inquire all about the country, and get all the information you can.”

“ Please, tell me,” said Harry, turning to the consul, “ what your servant — janissary I believe you call him — wears that long sword for ? ”

The janissary had just crossed the room, bearing some refreshments. He was a noble-looking fellow, and had a long sword dangling by his side.

“ It is common,” said the consul, “ for men employed in his capacity by foreign consuls, to dress as he does in a sort of irregular military costume. He feels very proud of his situation, and takes great delight in having his sword clatter against his side.”

“ What is his name ? ”

“ Abd-Allah.”

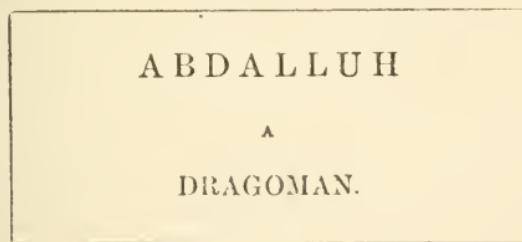
“ What ! — the same as our second dragoon’s ? ”

“Yes; only your dragoman’s name is not right on his card.”

“Then he don’t know how to spell his own name?”

“Probably not. Have you his card?”

“Yes, sir; here it is,” said the lad, opening his wallet and taking out a coarse piece of paper corresponding with the following:



“This servant of mine,” continued the consul, “is a very useful and trusty servant. He can read and write, and is a most valuable person to me.”

“He looks so fierce,” said Minnie, who hitherto had taken but little part in the conversation, “that I should think you would be afraid of him.”

“Oh no.”

“He looks dangerous.”

“Few men could be less so.”

“Is he gentle?”

“Yes.”

“Is he Mussulman?”

“ Yes.”

“ If there was another massacre, would you not be afraid of him ? ”

“ Oh no.”

“ Was he with you when the massacre occurred ? ”

“ Yes ; and day and night he watched at my door, and I doubt not in one or two cases saved my life.”

“ Then you must value him ; but I thought he looked as if he might be a savage creature.”

“ He is a true friend ; and it should be known that when these people become friends, nothing can turn them. They are fast friends.”

“ I don’t think I could ever believe an Arab or a Turk would be a fast friend, or a true one.”

“ And there you are much mistaken. This faithful man would sacrifice his life for me or my family.”

“ Then you prize him much ? ”

“ Yes ; he is a valuable help to me, acting as servant, translator, guard, and man-of-all-work.”

“ And now, boys,” continued the consul, “ tell me some of the things you have seen in this country.”

“ We have seen so many things,” answered Walter, “ that we could not tell you all in a long time.”

“Have you seen as much of Syria as you wish to?”

“Oh no, sir. I wish we could stay with you a month, and hear you talk about the customs and habits of the people. When father and the gentlemen get discussing any point, and they do not agree, we have no one to appeal to. I would like to ride through Palestine with you.”

“Did you disagree much on what you saw?”

“Not much; though we have had some sharp discussions.”

“On what subjects?”

“Well, I don’t remember now.”

“I do remember one subject on which we could not agree,” said Harry.

“Ah! what was it?” asked the consul.

“The gentlemen were discussing for an hour the locusts.”

“The locusts?”

“Yes, sir.”

“What did they disagree about the locusts for?”

“One side said that the locusts that John the Baptist lived on were insects, and some said they were the corob pods.”

“Which side carried the day?”

“Neither.”

“Perhaps you could tell us that?” queried Walter.

“I have given but little more attention to these matters than your father has ; but I remember that the venerable missionary, whom you wished to hear so much yesterday, says that John’s ‘ordinary “meat” was dried locusts ; probably fried in butter and mixed with honey, as is still frequently done.’ He quotes Burckhardt as saying that ‘*all* the Bedouins of Arabia, and the inhabitants of towns in Nejd and Hedjaz are accustomed to eat locusts. I have seen at Medina and Tayf *locust shops* where these animals were sold by *measure*. In Egypt and Nubia they are only eaten by the poorest beggars. The Arabs, in preparing locusts as an article of food, throw them alive into boiling water with which a good deal of salt has been mixed. After a few minutes they are taken out and dried in the sun ; the head, feet, and wings are then torn off ; the bodies are cleansed from the salt and perfectly dried, after which process whole sacks are filled with them by the Bedouin. They are sometimes eaten boiled in butter ; and they often contribute materials for a breakfast when spread over unleavened bread mixed with butter.’”

“I am glad you told me this. Now I shall have some authority, and I will battle those wise men who took the other side of the question.”

“Don’t you think it was too bad,” said Minnie to the consul, “that father would not let me

go with the party through the Holy Land ?
Wasn't it too bad ? ”

“ I don't know. You would have found it a very hard journey for a little girl without any lady-companion.”

“ Oh, I would have had a companion.”

“ Who ? ”

“ My mother.”

“ But her health would not allow her to ride horseback a month.”

“ She could have taken a basket and rode in that.”

“ What kind of a basket ? ”

“ I don't know what kind ; but Walter told me he saw women riding in baskets on the backs of horses and donkeys.”

“ I described to her,” said Walter, “ the mode of travelling over the mountains. You know, the ladies ride in a sort of basket hung over the back of the beast, one on each side.”

“ Oh yes,” remarked the consul, “ this is the way the ladies ride. They never use the side-saddle ; and sitting on their knees, as they do in short rides, would be very tiresome indeed.”

“ What silly people they must be not to learn to ride with the side-saddle. Oh, how fine it is to gallop into Boston, and out again to Cambridge, making the dust fly, and the children scamper out of the way.”

"Delightful, Min," said Harry; "but the last time I saw you on horseback you made a sorry figure."

"But I have improved in riding since then, and can beat Walter now."

A general conversation now ensued, in which Mr. Percy and the consul took prominent parts. The boys were quiet, hearing what they could, but Minnie was full of questions. So, when a pause ensued, she was sure to ask something that would bring out an answer. The funeral customs of the Bedouins of the desert were under discussion, when the little girl, somewhat indecorously, joined.

"Oh," she said, "we don't want to hear about funerals. We have seen a dozen of them; and it makes me shiver to think of such ghostly subjects."

"I suppose," said the consul, "you would much rather hear about weddings than funerals."

"Yes, sir. Be good enough to tell me how those wild men woo their brides. That is a fine subject to talk about. We have not seen a wedding among these people. You told us just now about the way in which the parents trade them off; now do tell us more,—now, that is a good man."

"I presume you are curious, so I will tell you what a reliable traveller says about the courtship

and marriage of some of the more barbarous of the tribes."

"That is right. I am all ears."

"Very well said, Min," replied Harry. "You are all ears; so is a ——"

"Ah; if it was not for spoiling this good story, I should box your ears, Mr. Impertinent."

"Come, come," said the consul; "if you want the story, you must stop your play. A traveller, well acquainted with the habits of the Tawarahs, the Muzeiny, the Jebeliyeh, and other tribes, gives the following facts: — 'The Arab maiden is bought, not won. The father regulates the price according to his own importance and her beauty. It is said to range from five to thirty dollars. When the terms have been settled between the father and the intended bridegroom, the latter receives a green branch of a tree or shrub, which he sticks in his turban and wears for three days, to show that he is espoused to a virgin. The young lady is seldom made acquainted with the transaction. When she comes home in the evening, at the head of her father's sheep, she is met a short distance from the camp by her "intended" and a couple of his young friends, who carry her off by force to her father's tent. This, however, requires some expertness; for, if the damsel at all suspects their designs before they get sufficiently near to seize her, she fights like a fury,

defending herself with stones, and often inflicting deep wounds, even though she may not feel altogether indifferent to the lover. This is desert etiquette; and the more she strikes, struggles, bites, kicks, and screams, the more is she applauded ever after by her companions. When at last vanquished and carried to the tent, one of the bridegroom's relatives throws an *abba* over her, completely covering her head, and then pronounces the name of her husband, which to that moment she may never have heard. After this ceremony, she is dressed by her mother and female relations in the new clothes provided by the bridegroom, placed on the back of a gayly caparisoned camel, and, still struggling in the restraining grasp of her husband's friends, paraded three times round his tent. She is then carried into the tent amid the shouts of the assembled encampment, and the ceremony concludes. A still more singular custom prevails among the Muzeiny, but is confined to that tribe. When the young lady has been wrapped in the *abba*, she is permitted to flee to the mountains, and the next day the bridegroom goes off in pursuit. Many days often elapse ere he can find her; the time is, of course, longer or shorter, according to the impression he has made on the fair one's heart.'"

The young people had various remarks to make

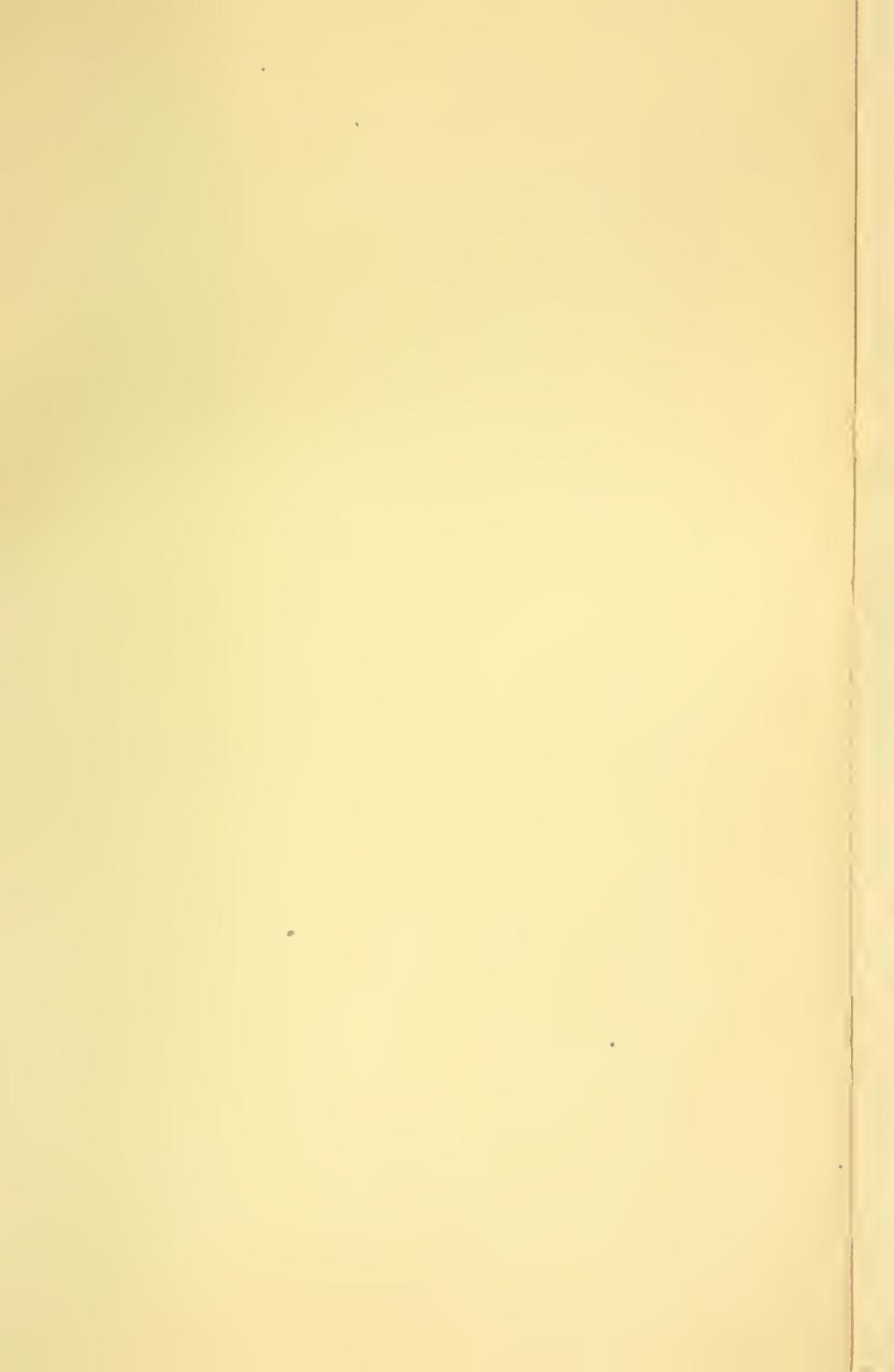
on this; and Minnie amused the whole party by her comments.

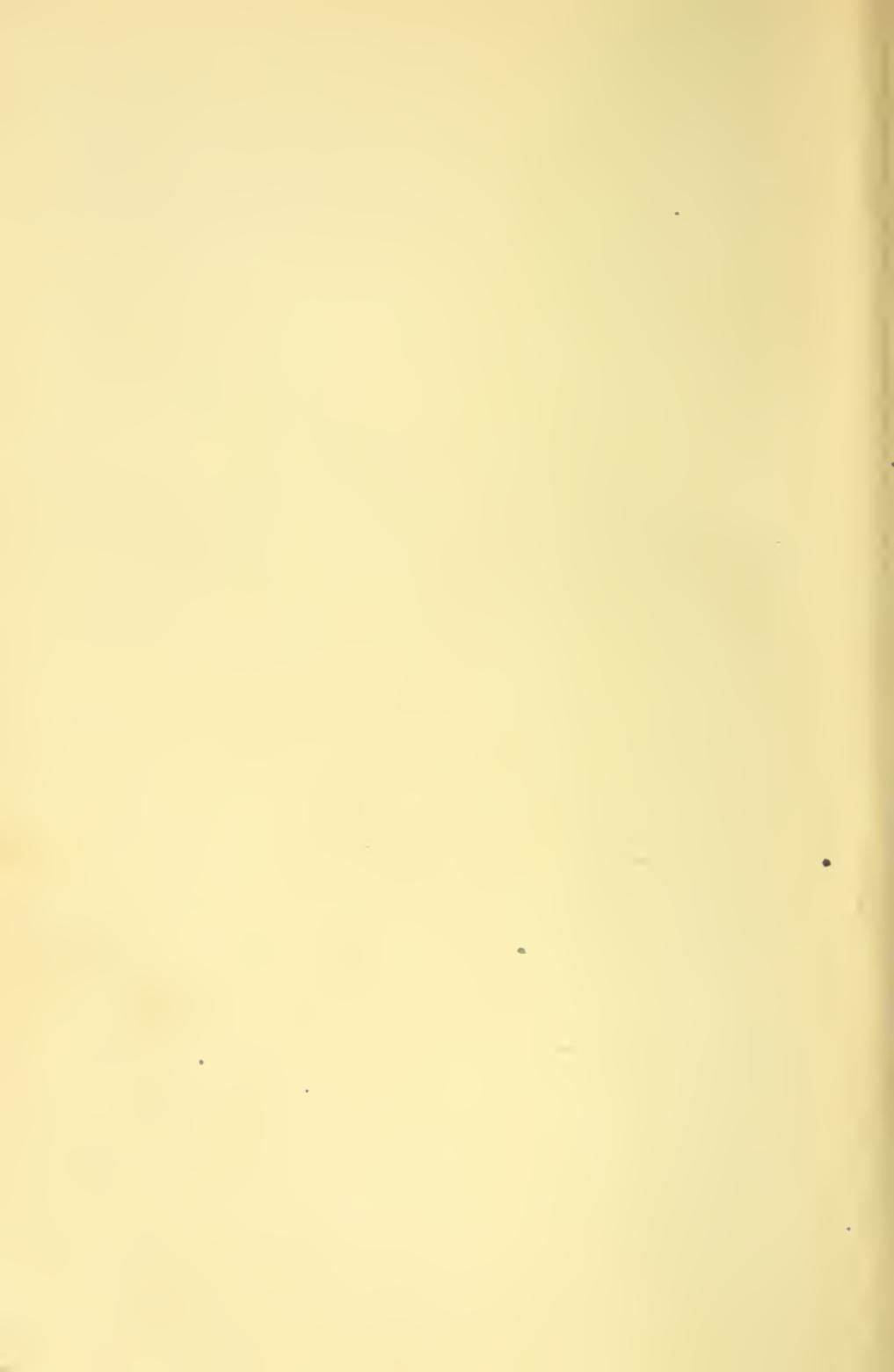
“Now,” said Mrs. Percy, “I think we must return. The night is dark, the children have had a hard day, and we are all nearly exhausted.”

So they all returned to their hotel, the consul going with them carrying a lantern to show them the way through the unlighted streets.

And here we must leave the party at Beyroot, resting from their fatiguing rides, and preparing for their journey to Damascus.

THE END.





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